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HOW THE MONKEES ALMOST LOST THEIR MINDS!

Micky Dolenz: THE GIRL WHO LIED TO PROTECT HIM!

Heart To Heart With Mark Lindsay:

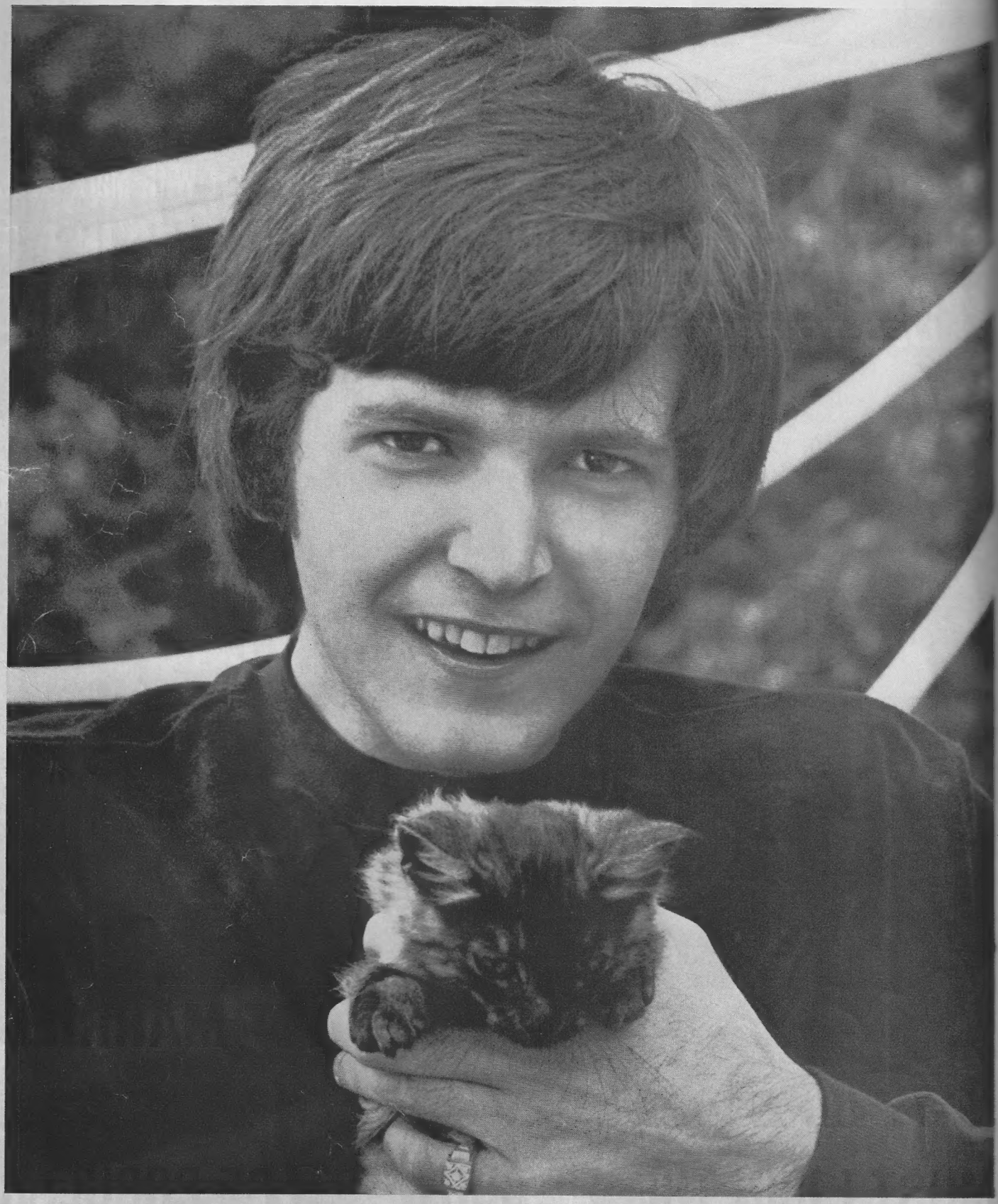
"THE THINGS IN LIFE THAT MAKE ME SAD"

Dave Clark: "WHY I WON'T GET MARRIED"

"MY LIFE WITH GENE" ***By Lynne Pitney***

MUST I JOIN THE 'IN' CROWD TO BE POPULAR?

Freddy Weller



teen Life

Volume 7, No. 8 December, 1967

TRUE STORIES

MONKEES: How They Almost Lost Their Minds 6
MARK LINDSAY: "The Things In Life That Make Me Sad" 12
MICKY DOLENZ: The Girl Who Lied To Protect Him 16
BRIAN EPSTEIN: In Memoriam 19
DAVE CLARK: "Why I Won't Get Married" 20
GENE PITNEY: "My Life With Gene" By Lynne Pitney 22
MUST I JOIN THE "IN" CROWD TO BE POPULAR?: A True TL Story 30
GARY LEWIS: Another Exciting Entry In His Secret Diary 38
DATELINES: ELE & WALT DULANEY Help Solve Your Problems 50

FUN FOR YOU

TEEN TALK: Your Friendly Corner 4
SALLY FIELD: She's Up, Up And Away! 5
BEATLES: The Greeks Have A Word For Them! 10
HERMAN: Our Own Columnist Writes Again! 15
LEVINO VERNA: Latest News On The Fashion Front 26
SPENCER DAVIS GROUP: "Why We Love & Hate Each Other" 27
HOTLINE FROM LONDON: All The Gossip On The London Scene 32
DAVY JONES: Gorgeous, Giant Pull-Out Photo! 34
SO YOU WANT TO BE A FASHION DESIGNER: Another Feature In Our Careers Series 36
SOUNDSATIONAL SCENE: Spotlighting Today's Happening People 40
LESLIE UGGAMS: Leslie Reveals Her Beauty Secrets 42
PANTRY PIN-UPS: Fave Recipes Of The Stars 43
TEENS TAKE OVER: And You Do! 46
GARY STEVENS: Share His Swinging Scene! 47
DIALING THE DJ's: More "Mike" Visiting! 48
JERRY LEWIS: Your Zany Nutnik Editor 52
JUST BETWEEN US: And It Is! 54
JOIN TLC: We'd Love To Have You 56
TEEN LIFE CLUB NEWS: Members Write In 64

EXCITING CONTESTS!

TOMMY JAMES' DREAM GIRL CONTEST: Win A Date With Tommy! 25
MOST HANDSOME DJ IN THE WORLD CONTEST: Grand Finals! 44
BARGAIN DAY VARIETY COUNTER: Send In Ideas—And Win Dollars! 51
PRIZE WINNERS: Were YOU One? 58

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TEEN TALK

Come on . . . join the chit-chat . . . and speak up about the things that matter most to YOU!

Hello everyone:

Well, it had to happen. Sweden ran a contest to find an answer to British model TWIGGY and it's unbelievable how much the winner resembles her. The lucky girl's name? Well, believe it or not, she calls herself the CRUMB. Crumb—real name KERSTIN LINDBERG, 16—met Twiggy in London as part of her prize. She also received six Twiggy dresses and an appointment with famous English hairstylist Leonard. Twiggy also took Crumb on a tour of Carnaby Street where they both were mobbed during the time they spent there. Crumb, however, does NOT want to become a model. "It's all right for Twiggy," she said, "but I want to make a career of something I can still be doing when I am 45."

Latest girl in Gordon Waller's life is lovely Sibylla Edmonstone.

Handsome GORDON WALLER has his name romantically linked yet again. This time with SIBYLLA EDMONSTONE. Lovely Sibylla is the sister of Scottish Baronet SIR ARCHIBALD EDMONSTONE and niece of Chicago departmental store chief MARSHALL FIELD III. Questioned about their relationship, Gordon put his arm round Sibylla, smiled and admitted: "We're going steady."

Isn't it awful when you learn that a guy you once had a great big crush on has got married! That's how I felt when I learned that gorgeous ADAM FAITH has finally got himself hitched! Adam is one of the most famous pop stars in England, and I can never understand why he doesn't do so well here. Apart from looking great and sounding great he really is one of the nicest people you could wish to know. I met him many times when I lived in London, and was always bowled over at his genuine sincerity and charm. Being a rich and handsome bachelor he was always in great demand, but now his single days are over.

Who's the new Mrs. Adam Faith? Well her name is JACKIE IRVING, she's 24 and a very successful dancer. Or perhaps I should say "was." Now that she's got a new "career," Jackie's given up her old one and plans to just stay at home and look after her gorgeous husband. Adam himself will continue to make records and money and dabble in shares and property. About six years ago he topped the British charts with a record called *What Do You Want If You Don't Want Money?* Having made a pile, it seems that he's finally found his answer!

Handsome English singer Adam Faith with his new wife Jackie.

And now to your letters:

Dear Bess:

I have to write and thank you for your excellent coverage on GARY LEWIS since he's been away serving our country in the United States Army. It's the least that can be done in tribute to a fine performer! I hope you'll continue printing articles about Gary even after he's out of the service.

Dorothy Leskela
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Dorothy:

You bet!

Dear Bess:

I just wanted to write and tell you that there was a slight mistake in the August issue of Teen Life. On page 23, under a picture of FREDDY WELLER, MARK LINDSAY and PAUL REVERE, you had a caption referring to Freddy, SMITTY and Paul. I hope you don't mind me pointing this error out to you. By the way, thanks for being the only magazine to print anything worthwhile about the Raiders!

Ann Armstrong
New York, New York

Dear Ann:

You're quite right. We did goof the photo was of Mark, not Smitty. And a lot of you eagle-eyed readers were quick to notice! Sorry. It won't happen again . . .

Dear Bess:

I would like to thank you for the story you had in August TL called: DAVY JONES Faces Vietnam: "I Don't Want To Kill Anybody." I read it and it was heart touching. I don't blame him for not wanting to go to Vietnam and not wanting to kill **(Please turn to page 62)**

In case you're wondering, Twiggy's on the left, Crumb's on the right!

SALLY FIELD: UP-UP and AWAY!

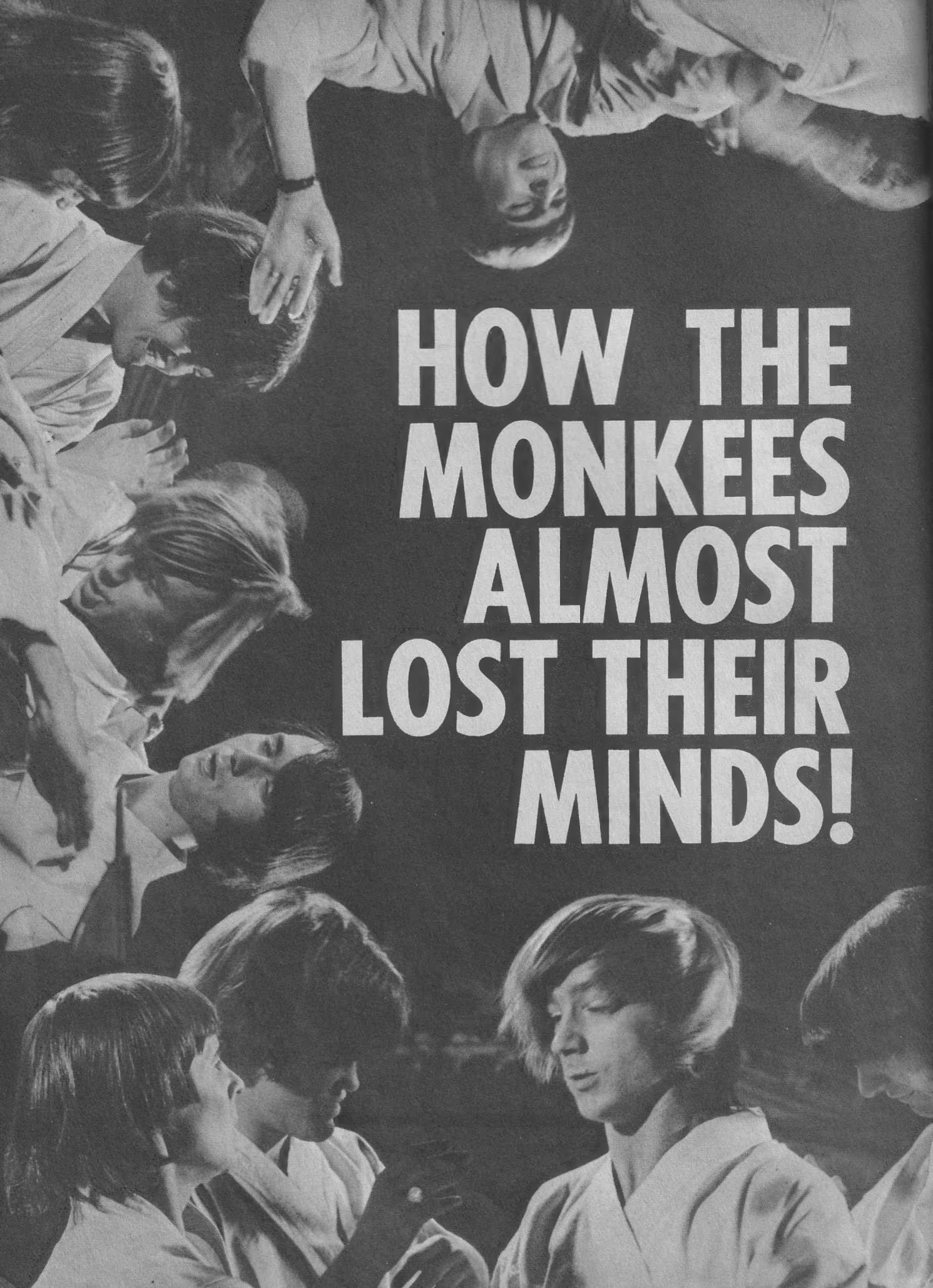
IT sounds incredible, but it's true. Sally Field—the cute girl we all knew and loved as **Gidget**—is flying high . . . literally!

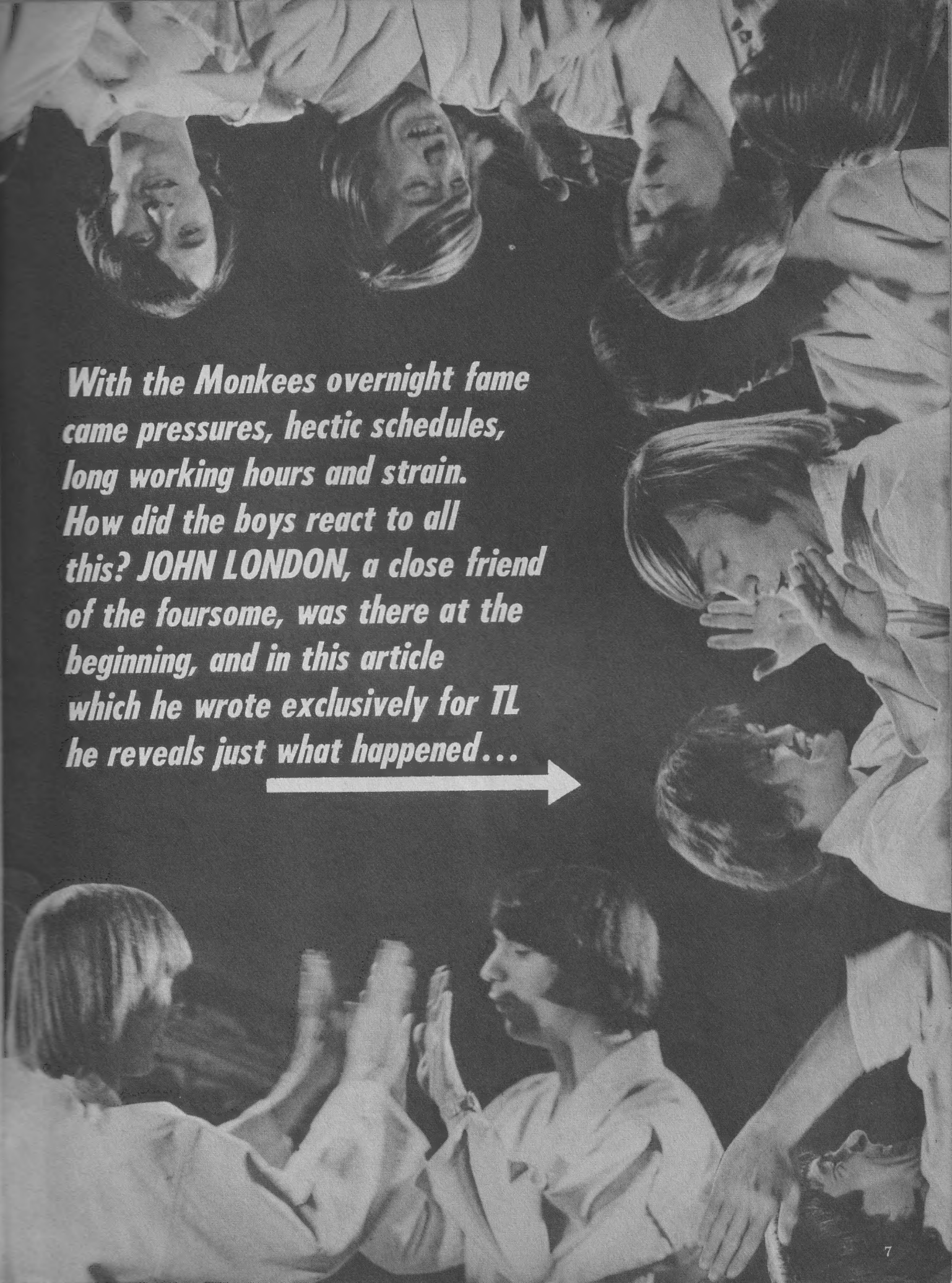
This television season, Sally is starring in her own series on ABC called THE FLYING NUN. She plays a novice nun who is great at getting into mischief, shenanigans and generally unpredictable situations. Which is just like Sally!

Her start in show business came about because she didn't **want** to get into the business. That is, just then. She was attending classes at Columbia Studio's Film Industries Workshop the summer after graduation from Birmingham High in California's San Fernando Valley. Fully expecting to go on to Valley State College, the thought of seriously looking for work as an actress never entered her head.

But as usual, unpredictable fate intervened. An assistant casting director saw her, asked her to stop by Screen Gems offices, and the rest is history. The **Gidget** girl was on her way!

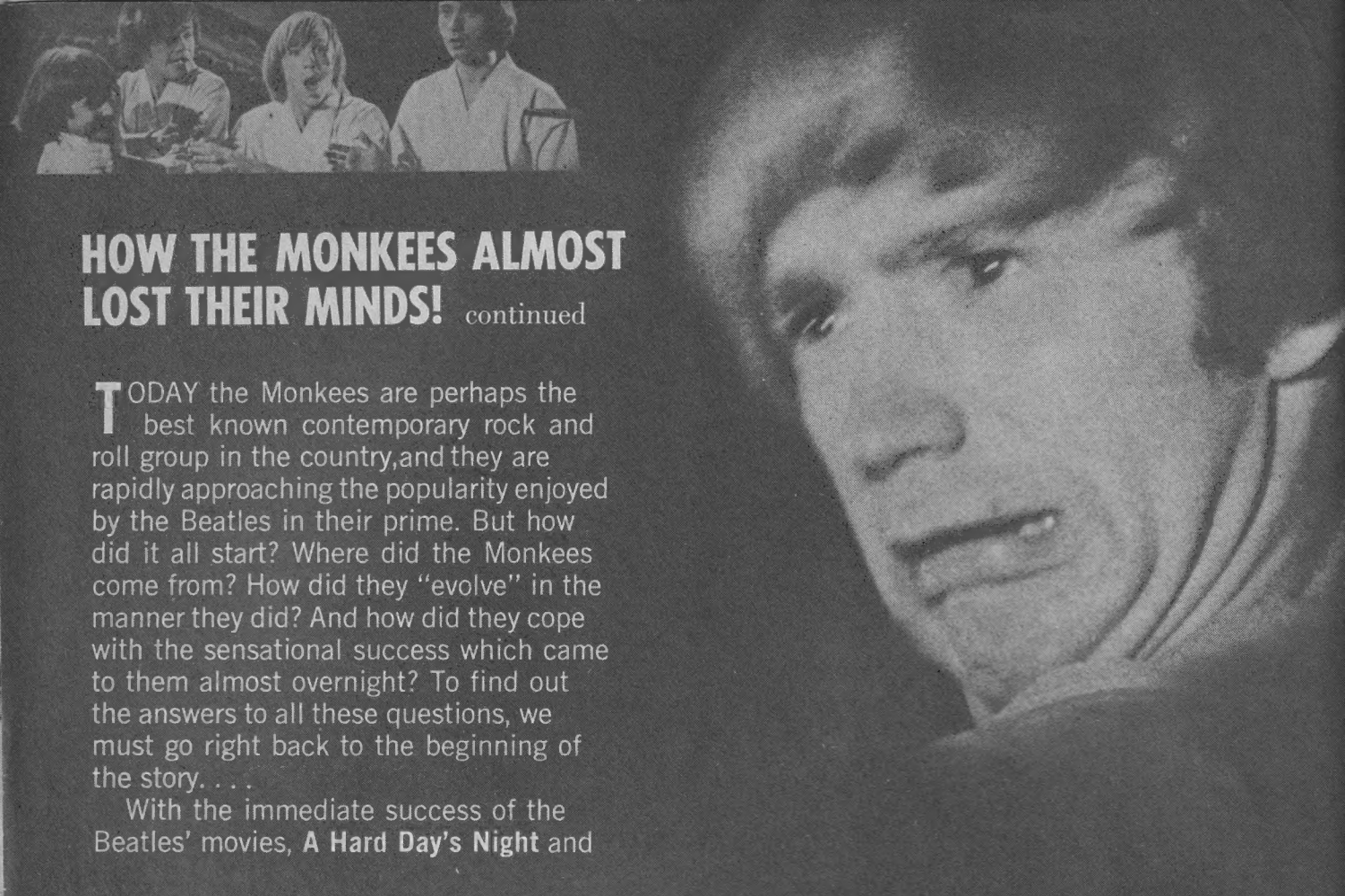
Now, at the age of twenty, Sally's still proving she can out- *(Please turn to page 61)*


HOW THE MONKEES ALMOST LOST THEIR MINDS!



With the Monkees overnight fame came pressures, hectic schedules, long working hours and strain. How did the boys react to all this? JOHN LONDON, a close friend of the foursome, was there at the beginning, and in this article which he wrote exclusively for TL he reveals just what happened...

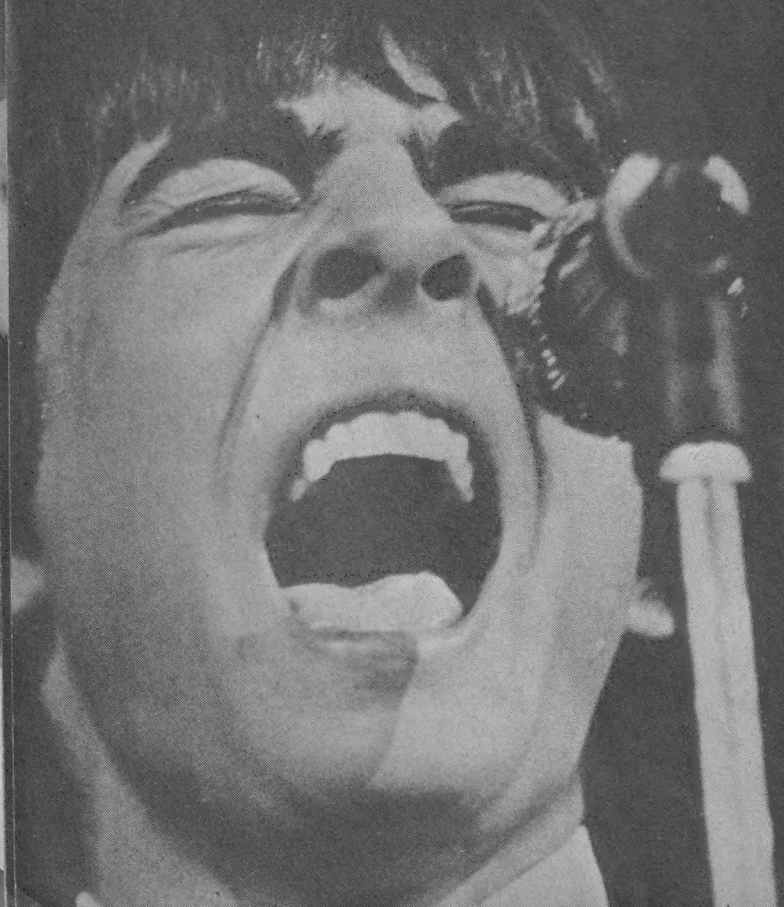
HOW THE MONKEES ALMOST LOST THEIR MINDS! continued



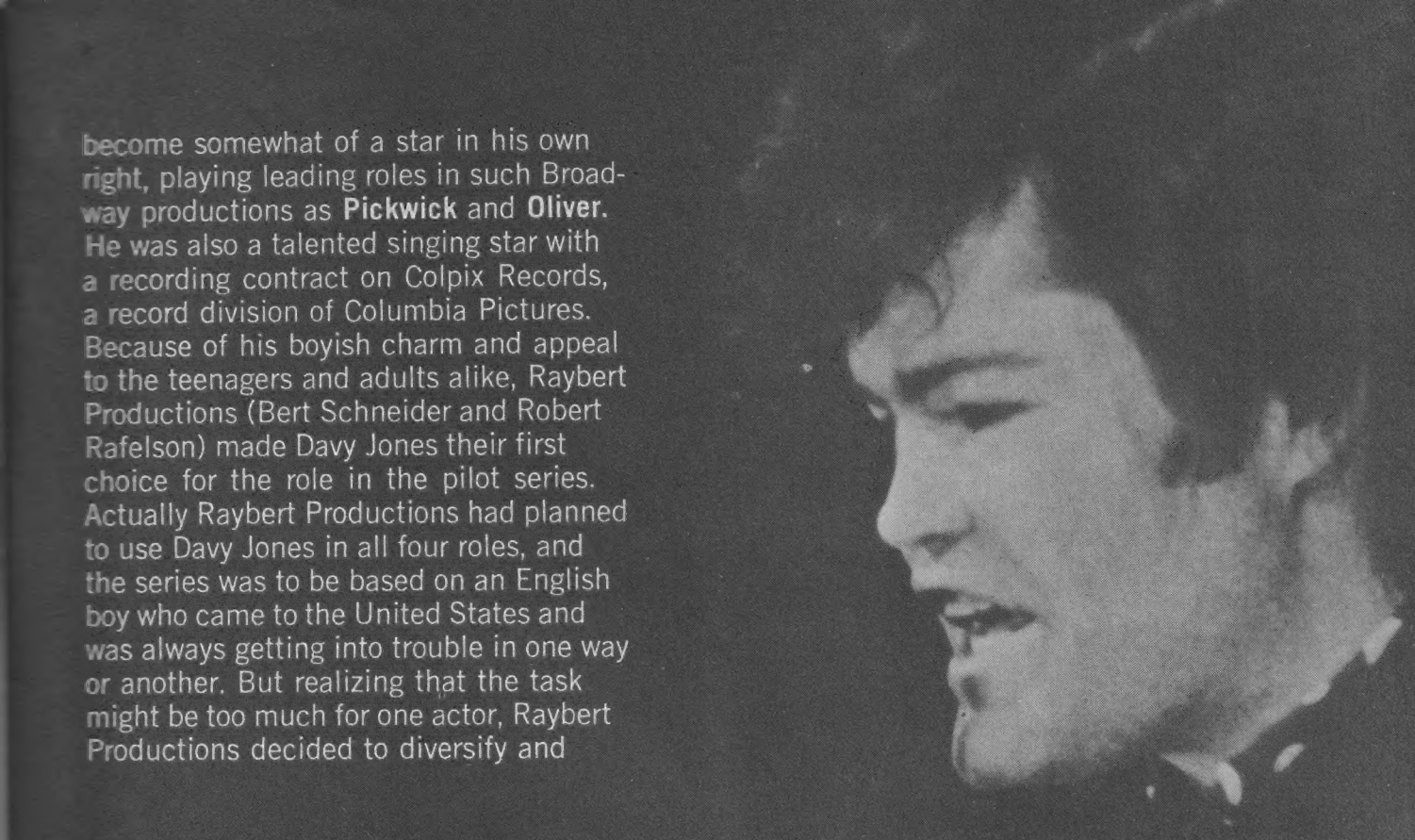
TODAY the Monkees are perhaps the best known contemporary rock and roll group in the country,and they are rapidly approaching the popularity enjoyed by the Beatles in their prime. But how did it all start? Where did the Monkees come from? How did they "evolve" in the manner they did? And how did they cope with the sensational success which came to them almost overnight? To find out the answers to all these questions, we must go right back to the beginning of the story. . . .

With the immediate success of the Beatles' movies, **A Hard Day's Night** and **Help,** it became obvious to producers Bert Schneider and Robert Rafelson that a television series with similar structure to the Beatles' movies could reap nothing but the highest rewards for both the company promoting such a concept and the actors involved. So in the fall of 1966 Bert Schneider and Robert Rafelson began the groundwork for such a feat, knowing that time was of the essence. In a selection of the name for the group they followed the idea initiated by the Beatles of using the name of an insect or an animal. Their first choice seemed a little too negative (names such as the "Leaches" were discarded because of this very reason), but finally they came to a unanimous decision with the name "Monkees." The next task was to find four individuals with different personalities who were also actors as well as musicians.

Their first choice was an English lad who was managed by a close friend of Bert Schneider. Davy Jones, a one-time jockey on the English turf, had



become somewhat of a star in his own right, playing leading roles in such Broadway productions as **Pickwick** and **Oliver.** He was also a talented singing star with a recording contract on Colpix Records, a record division of Columbia Pictures. Because of his boyish charm and appeal to the teenagers and adults alike, Raybert Productions (Bert Schneider and Robert Rafelson) made Davy Jones their first choice for the role in the pilot series. Actually Raybert Productions had planned to use Davy Jones in all four roles, and the series was to be based on an English boy who came to the United States and was always getting into trouble in one way or another. But realizing that the task might be too much for one actor, Raybert Productions decided to diversify and



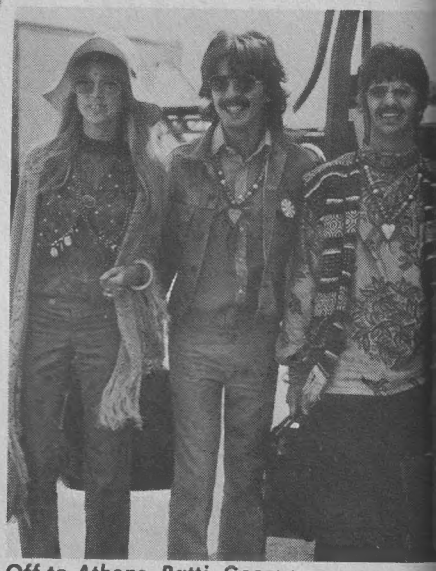
incorporate three more youths of entirely different backgrounds into the conception of the Monkees. Raybert Productions then ran an advertisement in **Variety** magazine calling for "four zany young insane musicians" who could possibly play in the television pilot that was to be based on an idea not unlike that of the Beatles. They then recast Davy Jones for one of the parts and needed three more to make the group complete.

Micky Dolenz was the next logical choice because of a variety of reasons. His successful affiliation with Screen Gems as the lead role in **Circus Boy** made him an obvious choice because of his acting ability, and his musical talent had blossomed in a rock-n-roll group called, **The Missing Links,** a successful group in the Los Angeles area for many months. Micky's whole family had been in entertainment, so consequently such an offer was not astonishing for him, for he had already proven himself both on stage and screen and on records.

The next choice was almost an instantaneous one. ***(Please turn to page 62)***

"The GREEKS Have A Word For Us—

Which, in case



Off to Athens, Patti, George and Ringo. Maureen stayed home.

ONCE upon a time, not so long ago, the Beatles hardly had a life of their own. Every move they made was watched closely. Anywhere they went, the press, photographers and fans followed. When they went on tours they were prisoners in their hotels. It just wasn't safe for them to venture further than their room door. If they had done so they would probably have been torn to pieces. On occasions they attempted various disguises to escape their captors, but more often than not they were recognized and had to beat a hasty retreat to the sanctity of their suite with a policeman sitting outside. They traveled to the most exciting places in the world, but hardly ever got to see more than the airports.

Now things have changed. They are still the world's biggest group, their rec-

MTHTEAS"

you're wondering, means BEATLES!

Paul, in an embroidered tunic, arrives in Greece with Jane.

Guess who's below—it's George on a shopping expedition in Athens. Right: John and son Julian.

Smiling Paul shows Julian some of the sights. But Julian doesn't seem impressed!

ords still sell in phenomenal quantities and their personal lives are of as much interest as ever they were.

But now it seems that the press and public alike have decided to give the Beatles a break.

Take their trip to the Monterey Pop Festival in California. Two years ago they just wouldn't have been able to make such a visit. But on this occasion they were left pretty much to themselves.

Then their vacation in Greece. True, the photographers wanted some pictures but afterwards the boys were able to wander around and relax without the threat of being besieged from all sides.

It's kinda nice to know that after giving so much of their time to the world, the world is now letting them have some time to themselves!

Heart to Heart with MARK LINDSAY

"The Things In Life That Make Me Sad"

Serious-minded Mark takes time out to talk about the things that really matter to him. And to you...

I OFTEN get very depressed when I sit down and think of some of the sad things that go on in the world today. But what's worse is knowing that there's little I can do to help.

Take the war, for instance. I get very sad when I think about that. It upsets me because the people over here don't realize the magnitude of what's happening in Vietnam. I know because my uncle, who's only a few years older than I am, told me plenty about when he was over in Vietnam. It's so sad that young people have to go over there to die. Young guys only 17 and 18 years old.

It's also sad that people can't get along with each other. People have to get killed before other people are able to do the things they want. Yet, we can't disband our army, that's not the answer to make the world a better place to live in. It seems that when there are times of danger of an outside engulfment—something that threatens the whole world—people can get together peacefully. Unless there is a common goal, there will be no peace, only annihilation.

One thing that really brings me down is to see a guy standing on the corner of Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood looking hungry. I know what it's like. I know that a lot of these kids go to bed

MORE

Heart to Heart with MARK LINDSAY
continued

hungry and can't help it. They come to Hollywood and think it is the Mecca for the making of stars. Some kids bring it on themselves since most of them don't make it. It's unfortunate, but some people just can't fulfill their dreams and these people should wake up and try something else.

I get sad when I think about the number of people who I used to know and who I've lost contact

It's so sad that young guys of only 17 and 18 have to go over to Vietnam to die.

with. It's been pretty hard to keep in contact with them since I've been with this group for seven years. I never really had a lot of friends because I left home when I was only 15 years old. But I do see my folks now and then. Unfortunately, though, I haven't seen them for two and a half years because of my busy schedule. It wasn't too long ago that I took a trip purposely to see my family when my car broke down. I had only a couple of days before I had to return to go on tour with the group, and this was how long it took the garage to get the part I

I get upset when I hear the older generation criticizing young people.

needed for my car. But I'm looking forward to seeing them later this year. It would be nice to see my family more often than I do, but being independent for so long has made it difficult.

I also get upset when I hear the older generation continually criticizing today's young people. Older people have always said: "Look at the kids today. The world is going to hell." They always have said these things, and I suppose they always will. Kids' values change, and I will admit that sometimes there is cause for alarm. I don't like to see as many kids into as many kinds of

It's hard to conceive that people don't like each other because of their religion.

things today, because the kids today are tomorrow's doctors, politicians, lawyers, etc. Kids go through a stage to identify themselves with something, and I don't think the world is going to hell at all. People view these things with a false alarm. I think it's fine to voice an opinion since this is a free country. If you don't voice an opinion, nothing will change and

Maybe tomorrow when I wake up, the whole world will have woken up too.

there always have to be changes. Anything can become stagnant if there are no transformations. Things have to be changed in order for them to progress. Let's say that a man sees a dangerous hole in the street outside his home. If he has an opinion to voice and he doesn't write his congressman, how will there be a

(Please turn to page 57)

A TL SCOOPADOO!

HERMAN by HERMAN

In his own monthly column, our Herman spills the beans about his wild, wild life! Ha!

You know, we'll soon know America better than any American! Us—the Hermits, I mean. Karl and Lecky and Barry and Keith and me. Because this time our two months' sprint around the U.S.A. took in no fewer than 36 different cities!

From Portland, Oregon, to Birmingham, Alabama; from New Jersey to Nebraska; with dozens in between.

Some of them with names that, in our early days as a group, we only knew from song titles. Looking down our date-sheet, for instance, let's take August. What did we find?

Chattanooga (Choo-Choo), *August 17;* Chicago, *August 5;* Omaha, *August 4;* Baltimore, *August 11; and so on.*

And none of them like we'd imagined from the lyrics!

I wonder what some of the American groups visiting Britain think when they first encounter, say, Berkeley Square (where the nightingale sang!), or experience their first *Foggy Day in London Town.* (And let me tell you, all that chat about fog is vastly exaggerated!)

And talking of groups, we couldn't help wondering, while we were away, how the scene progressed during our absence from the "Old Country." It changes so fast.

When we left, the charts were what the Music Business calls "wide open." That's to say, there was a tremendous variety of music to choose from compared with say, a year or two back.

Your own Vikki Carr (whom all of us had admired tremendously for ages) had at last made it—with a great song called It Must Be Him. *The Monkees were fighting the Beatles for No. 1 with their Alternate Title—they were afraid their original title,* Big Scouse Git, *might upset the fans in Liverpool!*

There was a weird, fascinating Bach-like piece by the Procol Harum called *A Whiter Shade of Pale.* And there was Pet Clark's swinging *Don't Sleep in the Subway.* Plus our own *Museum* just released before we vanished from the British scene.

You haven't heard this one yet, of course, but it's about the Natural History Museum in London, and it's written by Donovan. In fact, as one music paper put it, he wrote it "with himself!"

Because his full name's Donovan Leitch, and the record company's given the composer's name(s!) as Donovan-Leitch. (Maybe he collects two lots of royalties?)

But the London scene changes so fast, as I said. New groups, new sounds—only the mini skirts don't alter except (thanks to a fabulous summer), they seemed to be getting shorter every day!

Lulu, by the way, told me that her own mini skirts were the talk of New York when she came over for the premiere of *To Sir With Love* in which she appears with Sidney Poitier, and also sings the title song.

She was amazed to find so few minis on the New York girls but maybe she's started the trend there by now!

But now in London there's another trend. And I can only guess that it's because the girls are beginning to feel they ought to make up in some way for the lack of material they're actually wearing.

Anyway, they've taken to tattooing!

But before you rush off and start having snakes and things emblazoned indelibly all over you, let me add that these tattoos are really only special transfers that you moisten and stick on, and wash off just as easily later on.

And very nice, too! Butterflies and bracelets and floral designs and abstracts. A kind of walking pop art!

At the same time, the boys have started wearing "jingles." Not the jingles you hear on radio commercials, but metallic attachments to belts and wrists that jingle as they walk!

If there's enough of them dancing in a discotheque the whole place sounds like an Indian temple!

(Please turn to page 54)

Karl's sticking his neck out! We all enjoyed our American tour, 'cause it was straight back to "Mrs. Brown" when we got back.

MICKY DOLENZ—

THE GIRL WHO LIED TO PROTECT HIM

Coco and Micky—many years before he found fame as a Monkee.

And you'll understand why after reading this touching story about the loving bond between Micky and his sister, Coco.

SURE, I remember Micky Dolenz from high school. We were in the same class at Grant in Van Nuys. We all called him **Circus Boy**, cause, you know . . . the show he was in as a kid.

"I first met him in '62. If you want to know the honest-to-God truth, he was pretty obnoxious. But looking back, I can understand why.

"I mean, he was ridiculed about the **Circus Boy** thing so much that . . . I think to compensate for the ridicule . . . he pretended he was still a star. He didn't have any friends at all except his sister, Coco, and it was the funniest relationship. Although she was younger, she was always trying to protect him from being hurt, almost in a motherly way.

"They were constantly together, and when the guys would tease him . . . you know how cruel teen-agers can be sometimes . . . she'd come to his defense and get mad as hell. But Micky would just clown around and pretend it didn't bother him too much.

"He used to crack the dumbest jokes I ever heard, and when they'd go over like a bomb, he'd say . . . 'How do you like that? A fifteen hundred dollar nose job, and my mouth doesn't work right!' Everybody would groan of course, and poor Mick would be left standing with egg on his face."

Ironically, the young man telling this is now also in the music business, although not as a performer, and he and Micky have become good friends.

He had preceded the story by confiding to TEEN LIFE that Micky truly deserves the recognition and fame he's won as a Monkee, if for no other reason, because of the years of loneliness and put-down he suffered as a teen-ager.

"I won't deny that I was giving him zingers right along with the other guys," he continued. "Of course now I can understand **why** Micky acted the way he did, but at the time, it just seemed as though he went out of his way to make a fool of himself.

"For example, he was working as a mechanic at a garage in the Valley after school and we all **knew** he worked there . . . a lot of us took our cars there to be serviced. Yet Micky would never admit he was an employee. He would say his buddy owned the joint and he just hung around to help him out. He always pretended he still had acting jobs going for him. When the Bea-

MORE

THE GIRL WHO LIED TO PROTECT HIM

continued

Texas, 1952. Coco sits between Micky and his mom on their vacation.

Left, lots of fun roasting marshmallows. Below, Micky in his Circus Boy days—with friend.

tles came out, he was the first kid in school to have long hair. It seemed like it just s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d overnight. Then he told us he had his own rock 'n' roll group and he was always **about** to be signed to a big record contract.

"One day a guy brought his guitar to school and said, 'O.K. Circus Boy. Let's see you play it.' Of course Micky didn't know how to play guitar, so he said, 'I'm the drummer of the group.' So they took him over to the auditorium where band practice was held and told him to play the drums. He said, 'No man, I gotta keep loose for a session tonight. I can't fool around here for the benefit of you guys.'

"Everytime he'd pull a trick like that, Coco would back him up. He'd lie and she'd swear to it. That was her way of protecting him from getting hurt. She was always trying to protect him. You had to hand it to 'em. They sure stuck together.

"The funniest thing of all tho is that **after** Micky had been signed as a Monkee, he ran into some of the guys who had put him down so badly in high school and told them he was a MONKEE and was going to star in a TV show the next fall. They said, 'Sure, Circus Boy. You're a MONKEE. You've always been an ape. So what's new.' I bet those guys are eating crow now."

During that same period Micky was sharing a house in Hollywood with John London, who also acted as Mike Nesmith's stand-in for the Monkees TV show.

One evening Micky and John got into a serious discussion about friendship and Micky was intrigued by the fact that John and Mike had been pals for years back in Texas and nobody had put them down because they were different—because they had a dream and because they believed in their dream.

He confessed to John that his own teen-age years had been the worst of his life and he explained why. "If it hadn't been for Coco . . . if I hadn't had my sister for a friend, Man, I would've flipped. She stuck by me no matter what . . . she was always on my team."

Micky told of all the fun he and Coco had shared as kids . . . how they'd told one another their most intimate secrets; how they used to put on little skits and silly plays for their folks; how they sang duets in harmony with the current favorite groups.

"You know, Coco really has a better voice than I do," he mused. "She could make it easy as a singer if she really wanted to."

Actually Coco's voice is almost identical to Micky's, except she sings a key lower. When the Monkees were recording their first album, Micky had a throat problem one night at a session, and Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart, the producers, used Coco in Micky's place. After that they would tease him

(Please turn to page 52)

In Memoriam

BRIAN EPSTEIN

September 19, 1934
August 27, 1967

A small tribute to a young man who, in his short lifetime, did so much for the pop music world.

IT came as a great shock to people inside, and outside, the pop world when we learned that Brian Epstein had died at the age of 32. And to those of us who knew him personally, the news was even more unbelievable. It just didn't seem possible that the handsome, debonaire, astute young man who was a key factor in the revolution of today's pop industry, had gone.

Brian began his professional life working as a salesman in his father's furniture and record shop in Liverpool. He then became a student at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, but soon decided that an acting career was not for him and returned to the family business.

It was when he was 26 that his whole life changed. A customer came into the shop and asked for a record by a local group called The Beatles. He didn't have any but knew that they played a cellar club called The Cavern and went along to hear them. The rest is history. Brian signed them to a management contract and under his guidance they became the phenomenon of the decade.

Cilla Black, Billy J. Kramer, The Cyrkle and Gerry and the Pacemakers are among the artists he helped rocket from obscurity to world-wide fame.

People who worked with Brian never ceased to be amazed at his boundless energy, the pace at which he lived and his ability to do so many things at one time. He was a critical taskmaster, drove a hard bargain and was never afraid to say what he thought. But whether you loved or hated him, you had to respect him.

News of his death came as a severe blow to the Beatles and all the artists he managed. They know, as do we, that there can never be another Brian Epstein. We will miss him.

Bess Coleman

A close friend of the Beatles, Brian was always at their side. Right: Brian, with Micky Dolenz of the Monkees, shortly before his death.

DAVE CLARK: "WHY I WON'T GET MARRIED"

DAVE Clark had heard the question before.

But this time he carefully, thoughtfully pondered his answer. His sparkling black eyes, the kind that never stop smiling at you, were cast downwards now as he leaned forward a bit to place his clean-cut chin in the palm of his hand before he spoke.

"Marry? No, I won't get married," he said slowly. ". . . Not right now, not overnight. I'm looking for the right girl, first, you see. It might be right away that I find her, or it might be a year or even five, you never know. I might find her tomorrow . . . or I may never find her."

Dave Clark's famous charm made his easy, softly worded reply hard to disregard. Dave looks straight into your eyes when he talks with you, with such frank sincerity that it is almost impossible not to believe him.

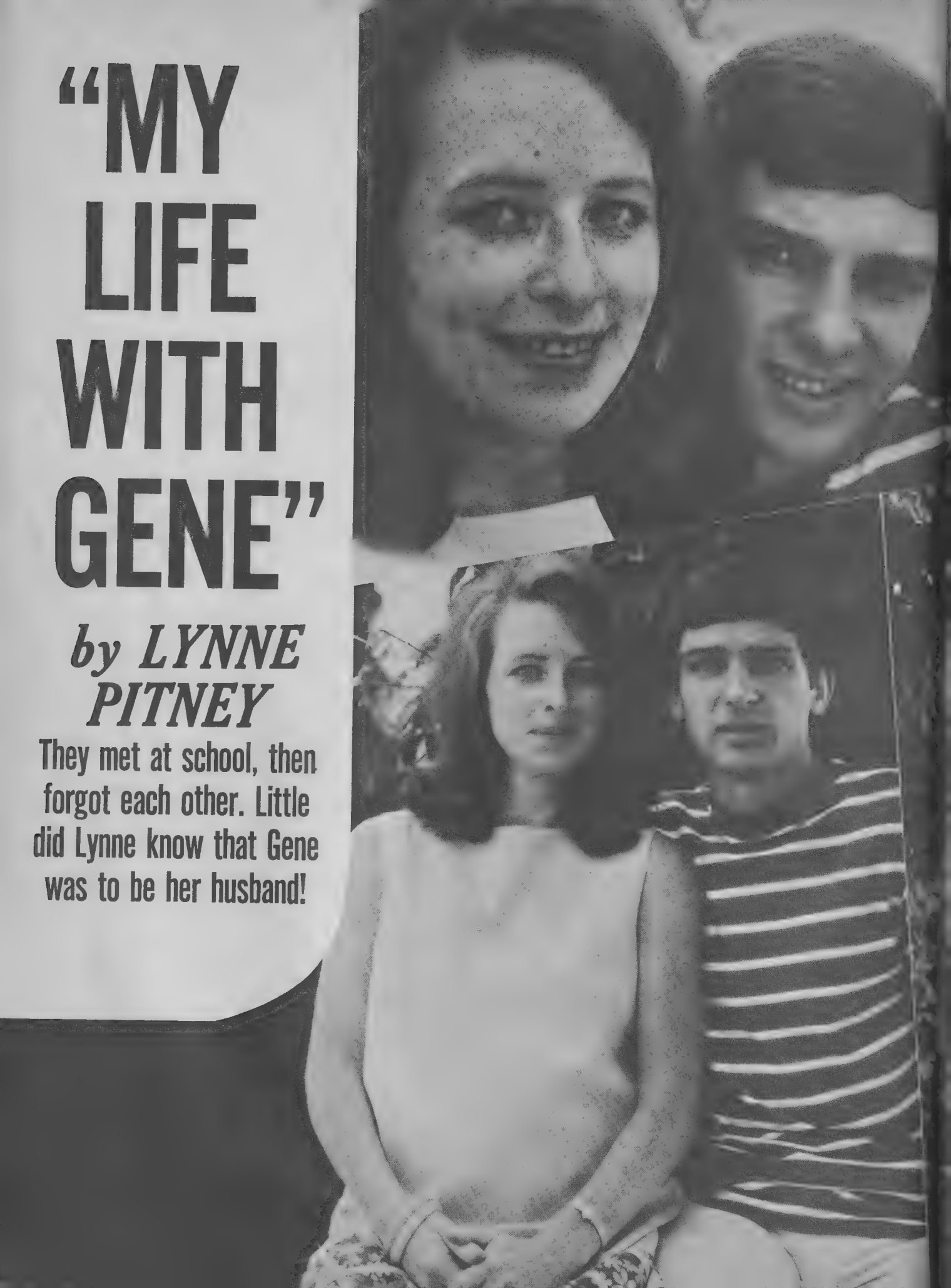
But there are many people who don't believe that Dave Clark isn't planning to marry! He recently bought a lovely "old-wordly" home—his first since 1964, when **Glad All Over** started him on his professional career and a gypsy existence of constant tours throughout the world. Dave spoke about his stately-roomed house and its grounds with obvious pride: "It's on an acre of land in Hartford, which is just on the outskirts of London. I furnished it myself, you know," he confided, "in the old English style that suits an old house. There are three lounges—living rooms I guess you call them in America—five bedrooms, three bathrooms and a great old kitchen. Then there's a garage, drive, even my dog . . ." he finished, laughing.

When Dave bought his home rumors mounted to fever pitch that it was intended for Cathy McGowen, who has known him intimately for years. "But I must tell you," Dave countered when he heard these rumors, "Cathy and I are just good friends. I know that that sounds corny, but it's the truth. I've known Cathy for years, but I wouldn't marry her. ***(Please turn to page 55)***

"MY LIFE WITH GENE"

by LYNNE PITNEY

They met at school, then forgot each other. Little did Lynne know that Gene was to be her husband!



Gene and I re-lived our wonderful honeymoon when we re-visited Italy.

MY life with Gene Pitney has just started, really. For, although Gene and I have been married a year now—and I **should** be used to this—our marriage still seems like a brand-new, exciting event.

This feeling of brand-newness may be because Gene and I waited a long time. We first knew each other in high school. We both went to Rockland High School in Connecticut, right near where we now live. Gene was a senior and I was a junior when I first noticed him—but that's all I did, notice him—then I forgot completely about him.

Until **that** night. The summer after I graduated a mutual friend of ours got married. He's a very popular guy, and practically all the young people in our area were invited to his wedding reception, which was held at night. Naturally, the reception was more like a party! And that was where Gene and I met once again. We came separately, and then were inseparable the whole evening. I thought I'd never really seen him before. We just clicked. That was the evening when we really fell for one another.

MORE

"MY LIFE WITH GENE"

continued

Who would believe that two people could be so in love? I do! Here, Gene and I can't stop holding hands!

After that unforgettable evening, we dated, but sort of casually. We both still saw other people. And then, after a while, we just stopped dating other people. It was a gradual, almost imperceptable movement towards each other; we just kept coming back.

At that time Gene was starting in his career, and if I think he works hard now, I just have to recall the way he got up every week-day morning at 5:00 a.m. to catch the train to New York, coming back to his family's home after midnight when he was starting in on his ambition. Obviously, Gene and I could only date on weekends, which we did. Gene was unknown then, and I've stayed with him throughout all the changes that fame and its responsibilities make. But I feel I've grown **with** him. You see, I know that Gene's success is the result of hard, hard work, as well as talent, of course! And so I've gotten used to it, as well as his fans, who I really love, little by little. If his fans adore him, I adore them, for he wouldn't be where he is today without them, I know.

I worked for an insurance company while I was going with Gene and stayed with them after we were engaged. We were engaged for three years. During that time, I was never at a loss for things to do, partially because Gene and I are blessed with warm-hearted, large families and with good friends.

But after Gene's hard work started to produce hit after hit record, his time was more and more in demand. Sometimes this was hard. I got used to his being away for as much as a month at a stretch, but when he was gone once for a whole two months, I really felt it—it seemed like forever! And except for everyone I knew personally, we didn't publicize our engagement. I was willing to wait. Of

(Please turn to page 56)

TOMMY JAMES' DREAM GIRL CONTEST!

1st PRIZE

A DATE WITH TOMMY!

2nd PRIZES:

Five lucky winners will each win one of Tommy's fave polo shirts!

3rd PRIZES:

25 lucky people will each receive a copy of Tommy's latest album!

■ That's right! YOU could be the lucky winner of a dream date with Tommy James! An evening you'll never forget! Be Tommy's date for a lovely dinner at one of New York's finest restaurants, and go with him afterwards to the theater or to his favorite night spot. All you have to do is tell us, in 25 words or less, WHY you would like to be Tommy's Dream Date! Yes, that's all! Even if you don't win first prize, second prize is one of five of Tommy's very own, favorite polo shirts! And third prize winners receive his latest LP! So fill in the coupon on this page NOW. YOU might be Tommy's Dream Girl Date!

Address: Tommy James' Contest
c/o TEEN LIFE
P. O. Box 384
Madison Square Station
New York, N. Y. 10010

Name:_____ Age:_____

Address:_____

City:_____ State:_____ Zip Code:_____

I'd luv to be Tommy's Dream Date because:

_____

_____

_____

The decision of the judges in final. No entries can be returned. Contest closes Nov. 15, 1967.

FASHION WRITE

LEVINO VERNA

Here it is! YOUR own fashion column. Famed designer Levino Verna will discuss current trends, forecast fashions & answer your questions! Fashion-Write: fashion-bright!

DRESS FOR FALL
Little touches that are very feminine, influenced by French fashions, are news for Fall dressy-dresses. Top left, patch pockets on the short-sleeved jacket in a lively print. Top right, a party dress with pleats a-plenty has a high waist, choir-boy collar. Bottom, left & right, soft oval necklines are flattering and new!

HELLO everyone!

No one denies that the greatest single influence on the American fashion scene is French high fashion. Waistlines and hemlines especially have gone in all directions, almost immediately influenced by what is announced as new each season in Paris.

But what most people don't realize is that the French have borrowed from American teens! This shows up best in the sportswear scene. French versions of good old dungarees have been enthusiastically adopted by French teens, as well as cowboy styles—and even the button-down Ivy shirt for guys!

It's the teens themselves in France who've picked up some of the American teens' favorites. And from there, French designers of sportswear occasionally pick up a point or two for their own youth. Or, from American styles, really!

It just goes to show you that teens today are on a fashion party-line, with France, England and America the main talkers. You don't need to speak French to "hear" the new French-influenced styles, that's for sure!

Now, some of your marvelous letters.

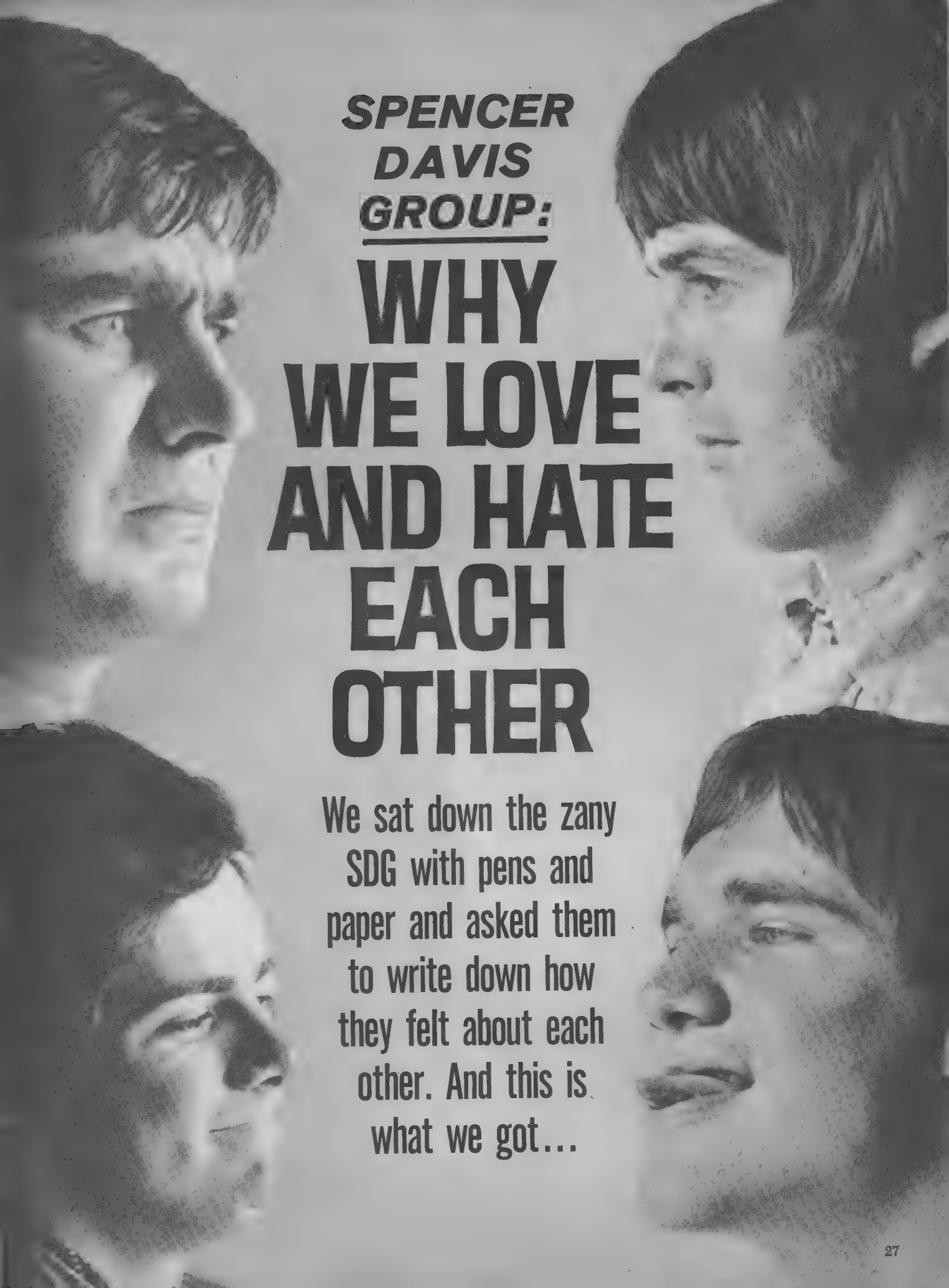
Dear Levino: Please help me! I have a pretty good figure but I have skinny legs. What can I do about them?

Another thing. What colors go best with red hair?—Red.

First thing you do with thin legs is thank your lucky stars. They're a much easier problem to handle than the opposite, heavy legs. And many people adore slim legs. Styles that will help with disguise are slim-line skirts (not A-line or pleats) and knee socks if they're "in" at your school. (But they're still great for after-school even if they're not current fashion in your locale.) You can easily wear the new textured hose, they'll flatter you—AND you'll look fab with high boots on. Light-colored stockings emphasize legs, so wear them. The dark tones are for the opposite problem, heavy legs.

Of course, exercises to build up the calf muscles are what you should be doing now. Pretty soon, the exercises will pay off with a fuller leg-line.

Complexion plays a part in the colors that look fab on red-heads. For fair-skinned folk, orange and the burnt oranges, browns, bright, ***(Please turn to page 51)***



SPENCER DAVIS GROUP:

WHY WE LOVE AND HATE EACH OTHER

We sat down the zany SDG with pens and paper and asked them to write down how they felt about each other. And this is what we got...

Spencer Davis

The things I LOVE about PETE:

1. His dedication to becoming a better musician.
2. He admits his own faults.
3. You can talk to him when you're perturbed.
4. He's a good friend.
5. His height.

The things I HATE about PETE:

1. *The way he tells the truth about me!*
2. *He's tidier than I am.*
3. *When he's moody, he looks very dangerous!*
4. *He's always punctual.*
5. *His width.*

The things I LOVE about PHIL:

1. His sense of humor.
2. His imagination.
3. His look of innocence when he's guilty!
4. The way he plays guitar.
5. The excuses he uses to get out of tight spots!

The things I HATE about PHIL:

1. *His stubborness.*
2. *His look of guilt when he's innocent!*
3. *His lack of attention when I'm talking to him.*
4. *The way he wakes me up in the morning.*
5. *His stage name—Romnas Swandle!*

The things I LOVE about EDDIE:

1. His naivete.
2. His organ playing.
3. The way he accepts life.
4. His fresh curiosity.
5. His pad.

The things I HATE about EDDIE:

1. *He's impatient.*
2. *His golden curls.*
3. *His left foot.*
4. *His right foot.*
5. *The way he cleans his shoes.*

Pete York

The things I LOVE about SPENCER:

1. He employs me.
2. He sometimes pays me.
3. He picked me up when I was down.
4. He lets me play what I like.
5. He likes what I play.

The things I HATE about SPENCER:

1. *He knocked me down when I was up.*
2. *He's rich.*
3. *He wears shades in the subway.*
4. *He's so full of nervous energy that it makes me tired to be with him!*

The things I LOVE about PHIL:

1. He is quiet and artistic.
2. He takes his music seriously.
3. His hair is short enough for me to see whether he is listening to me or not.
4. And he usually isn't listening!

The things I HATE about PHIL:

1. *He is difficult to communicate with.*
2. *He has no telephone.*
3. *When the sun is shining.*
4. *His white suit.*
5. *His white teeth.*

The things I LOVE about EDDIE:

1. He always retains his cool.
2. He's the grooviest organist around.
3. He has fast feet and hip hands.
4. He is the guvnor puller.
5. He features daily in great scenes.

The things I HATE about EDDIE:

1. *He never gets tired.*
2. *He thinks he is your actual great Feller.*
3. *He straightens out all who bug him.*
4. *He'll see you're alright.*
5. *He's younger than I am.*

Eddie Hardin

The things I LOVE about SPENCER:

1. I've never really thought about that.
2. He's always thinking fast at times like this.
3. He's always thinking fast.
4. He's always thinking.
5. He's always.

The things I HATE about SPENCER:

1. *He always blows his cool.*
2. *He talks too much at the wrong time.*
3. *I wouldn't want to offend him!*
4. *I wouldn't like to offend his friends!*
5. *He knows too much.*

The things I LOVE about PETE:

1. Uncle George.
2. His shoes.
3. His third finger.
4. His cool.
5. His humour.

The things I HATE about PETE:

1. *Uncle George.*
2. *He never bugs me.*
3. *He's always so nice.*
4. *His jokes—they're funnier than mine.*
5. *His feet.*

The things I LOVE about PHIL:

1. When he's quiet.
2. He's an actual ex-raver.
3. He's uncool.
4. He's un-happy.
5. He's Phil.

The things I HATE about PHIL:

1. *He can cause aggravation!*
2. *Uncle George.*
3. *He smokes too much.*
4. *He wakes up at the wrong time.*
5. *He goes to sleep at the wrong time.*

Phil Sawyer

The things I LOVE about PETE:

1. He is very helpful.
2. He gives me pocket money—sixpence per week!
3. He likes my throat—not my voice.
4. He is a great musician.
5. He's great.

The things I HATE about PETE:

1. *He's too tall.*
2. *He doesn't let me touch the chrome on his drums.*
3. *He's grumpy sometimes.*
4. *He always tells the truth!*
5. *He snores.*

The things I LOVE about SPENCER:

1. He's a good bloke.
2. He's very understanding.
3. He likes Bach.
4. He's a good businessman.
5. He pays me.

The things I HATE about SPENCER:

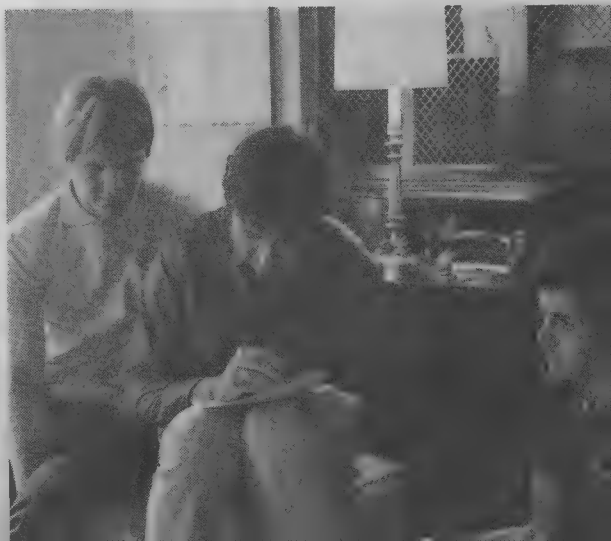
1. *The secret things he's got.*
2. *He's always looking into my mind.*
3. *He talks too much.*
4. *He gets very nervous.*
5. *He tells the truth—whether it hurts or not!*

The things I LOVE about EDDIE:

1. He doesn't care about anything.
2. He's a born raver.
3. He doesn't talk too much.
4. He's a great musician.
5. His sense of humour.

The things I HATE about EDDIE:

1. *He pays too much for his clothes.*
2. *He's a bit thick at times.*
3. *He's absent minded.*
4. *His two left feet.*
5. *His laugh!*



MUST I JOIN THE "IN" CROWD TO BE POPULAR?

Sam and I were new in school, and lonely. To us being popular and with the "in" crowd was so important.

THAT day seemed to make me sleepy, no matter what I did. It was the middle of the third period in school, just before lunch, the dullest class of the whole day, and Mrs. Cramer's voice seemed to be droning on like a bee. A bee that was being drowned out by perfect silence because I *couldn't* keep my eyes open . . .

"Bonnie . . . Bonnie Peterson. Would you answer me please?"

I was in for it. Boy, was I embarrassed! I managed to get through the answer to the question—after I found out what the question was, naturally. And I stayed awake the rest of the period.

When the class was finally over, I rushed to meet Sam at the entrance to the cafeteria. Sam's a girl, my best friend, or actually, my *only* real friend.

As I rushed to meet her I thought about what I wanted to tell her. First, I had to tell her how embarrassed I'd been. Nothing seemed to go right for both of us since we entered Rockford High less than a month ago. We hadn't gone to the same junior high as most of the kids, so ***(Please turn to page 60)***

Posed by professional models.

HOTLINE from LONDON

All the latest on the British pop scene from TL's TRUDY MORE.

Vicki Carr, above, is popular American in London. Below, beautiful Samantha Juste, linked with Micky in marriage rumors!

Cliff Richard is known for his strong religious beliefs. Here, he greets Billy Graham.

WELL the MONKEES came, and I doubt whether the lush Royal Garden Hotel in expensive Kensington has got over the shock yet.

■ It is not unknown for hotels to be bombarded with fans and telephone calls, but not since the Beatles had we seen anything like this. For the six days the Monkees were entrenched all hell was let loose.

■ **Rumours have swept Britain that, your side, the Monkees have lost a lot of pulling power. I report that here it's as strong as ever it was or will be.**

■ Of course they came during the holiday season which meant most kids were off school and had plenty of free time on their hands to camp outside the hotel on the green warm grass. But even girls who worked all day or were still unlucky enough to be sitting for exams were not going to be left out. At 5:30 p.m. each evening buses unloaded hoards of mini-skirted girls, their arms waving, their legs running, their mouths open—already screaming "Davy!" or "Micky!" They attacked the palatial hotel on all sides, with their banners and their hysteria. And each time a head appeared eight floors up a howl of anguish rent the air for miles around. The hotel staff, it must be said, bore the whole thing with masterful good humour.

■ **The concerts went very well indeed and I think many people were surprised, not because the Monkees sounded anything great, but because we hadn't seen such a show for years with so much variety, hard work and entertainment value.**

■ **LULU did a great job of preceeding the group. This is always a terrifying position, but the crowd loved her, and rightly so because she was excellent.**

■ The Monkees got out a lot more this time. After a very funny (unintentionally) press conference at which they gave pat and deft answers to an unlimited amount of incredibly daft questions, they did the town in no small way. MICKY DOLENZ renewed his long standing friendship with SAMMY. (And people are STILL saying they're married here.)

■ **They arrived together at London's famous Speakeasy club to catch THE TOYS, and the next night turned up arm in arm at a fabulous party thrown in the boys' honor. At which the BEATLES, WHO, CREAM, PROCOL HARUM, Lulu, DUSTY SPRINGFIELD and the STONES turned up too.**

■ DAVY JONES disappeared with a very lovely young lady on arrival in London and was hardly seen.

■ MIKE NESMITH smiled a lot, which stunned everyone who had considered him the least sociable Monkee.

■ And PETER TORK endeared himself to everyone by being funny and drily witty and genuinely kind.

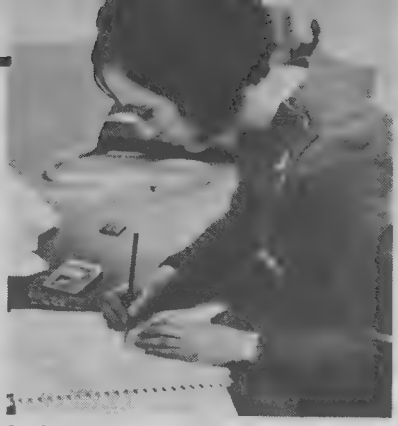
■ And that was the Monkees.

■ **DAVE DEE, colorfully dressed leader of the group, Dave Dee, DOZY, BEAKY, MICK and TICH, has lashed out at Flowerpower and the whole San Francisco hippie scene. But it's not stopped people rushing out to buy** San Francisco **by SCOTT McKENZIE.**

■ By the way if anyone reads this and is in touch with Mr. McKenzie please ask him, or someone, to answer all the frantic telegrams that have been sent from London asking him to come and tour here.

■ The SAVILLE THEATRE—which has established itself as the hub of all British pop happenings—

At the Mayer School in New York, courses include sketching, left and below, as well as the fine art of pattern-making, right.



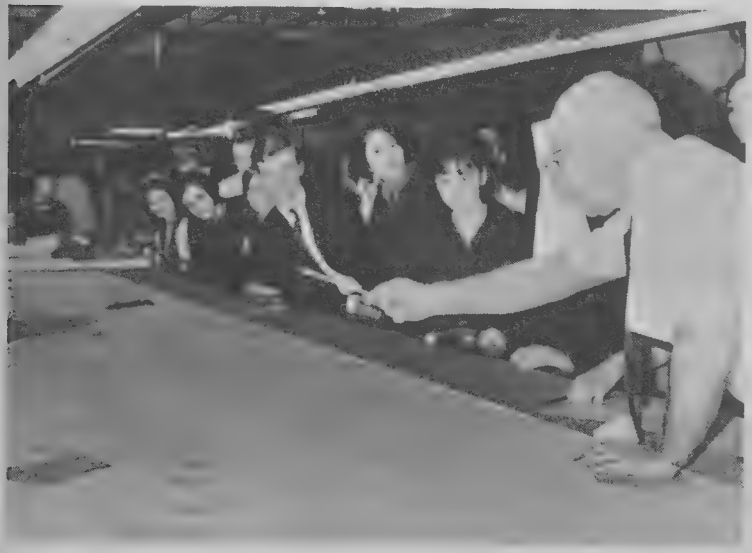
An instructor in dressmaking, below, is an expert in professional machine sewing standards.

Above, draping from the sketch, a skill developed after much training.

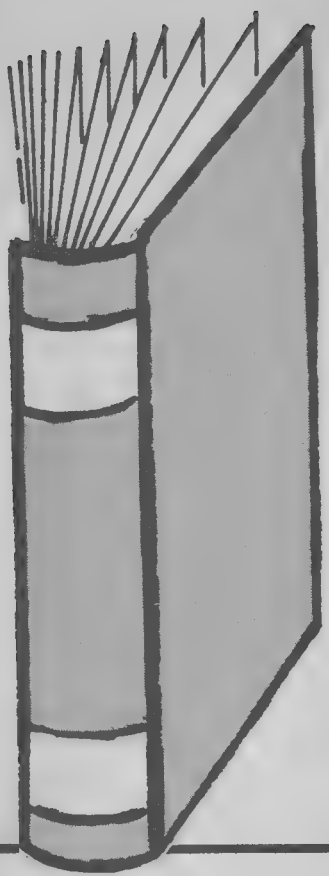
Designers must make a sample of their sketch. Above, students develop this skill at school.

Students of design take sketching field trips, above, for better skills.

Measuring the final fashion for its hem, above, at the Mayer School.



Left, field trip to a factory teaches students mass production methods. Right, a student models her design.



GARY'S SECRET DIARY

In this entry, Gary tells us about the fantastic surprise birthday party his wonderful family arranged.

by Pvt. 1st Class GARY LEWIS

Two ways Gary loves to relax. Shooting pool with Jinky (left) and playing chess.

What's on the menu tonight? Gary seems to know!

Jinky's getting quite the expert at trimming Gary's army haircut! She also loves to listen to her husband play the piano.

Gary's a real jigsaw puzzle fanatic! Luckily, lovely Jinky shares his enthusiasm.

A QUIET TUESDAY NIGHT, AT HOME—You know, I just discovered I've been holding out on you. Yep, in reading back through my last couple of diary entries, I found that there have been so many wonderful things happening to me that I haven't gotten around to telling you all of them, either because there hasn't been enough space to tell it or because I haven't had enough time to do it or because I just plain forgot—or because I guess I just get all wrapped up in the important things like Jinky being pregnant and our delayed honeymoon and I don't remember lesser important happenings.

Like did you know I've already made Private First Class? No, of course not because I didn't tell you. I remember saying I had made Acting Corporal back in basic training, but that wasn't the real McCoy. This is a real promotion and I get to wear a stripe and I'm real proud of it. It means I must be doing a pretty good job of soldiering—and that's what I want most to do while I'm in the Army, be a good soldier.

And I'm sure I forgot to mention that I had another birthday. Which means that I'm now an old man of 22. Man, what a birthday that was. What presents I got! And what a surprise it all was. Not that I didn't know my birthday was coming up. I guess none of us ever really forgets that day, it's such a meaningful one, especially when you're young. But what with all the other excitement of learning I was to become a father, it didn't figure to be too important an event. Man, was I wrong! I didn't count on the importance that birthdays have in the Lewis family. Oh sure, I know it's always been a big thing with us and a cause for an all-family celebration with cake and candles and exchanging presents and all. So I should have known what to expect—but it caught me by sur-

(Please turn to page 58)

"That's great—now smile for the camera." Gary snaps a few candids of his lovely young wife.

Wonder what Jinky could have said to the dog to make Gary so surprised!

Papa Jerry hugs his daughter-in-law while smiling Gary looks on.

Left: Gary and Jinky have fun on the garden swing. Then kiss for the camera.

SOUNDSATIONAL SCENE

SPOTLIGHTING TODAY'S HAPPENING PEOPLE

THE SUNDOWNERS

Because this young, exciting group is lots of fun to see and hear in action, the Monkees asked them to appear in last summer's famous tour of the U.S. And THE SUNDOWNERS justified every happy hope for them; they were a smash! BOBBY DICK, EDDIE PLACIDI, EDDIE BRICK, DONNIE DEMIERI, and KIM CAPLI want to keep up the good work, so they now record on the Decca label and are working and hoping for their first hit record.

THE YELLOW PAYGES

Many people turn to the Yellow Pages for things to buy. And now, more and more people will be hearing and seeing the YELLOW PAYGES for they're the biggest, new-sounding group from Los Angeles. Vibrations from DANNY HORTTER, BOB NORSOPH, DANNY GORMAN, LARRY TYREE and MIKE RUMMANS are so good that Dick Clark asked them to headline his newest tour. Read "great!" in the PAYGES' future.

KIM FOWLEY

One of the oldest members of the Flowers-and-love clan from California, KIM FOWLEY believes that songs should have ideas that people want to hear. So, his songs are full of ideas. Born in the Philippines 25 years ago, KIM comes from a show-business family that has both song-writing and acting abilities to its credit. KIM now records on the Tower label, and is sure to be around for a while!

THE CHOIR

Three years ago, they were part of a group called the MODS, but DAVE SMALLEY and WALLY BRYSON (both 17-years-old now) left, deciding to form THE CHOIR less than a year ago. JIM BONFANTI and JAMES "SNAKE" SKEEN joined them, and the dances they played in their hometown of Cleveland, Ohio, really swung! A record producer heard them at a dance and they recorded It's Cold Outside. **Now famous in Cleveland, THE CHOIR hope to "bring the word" to the nation, too!**

LEWIS & CLARKE EXPEDITION

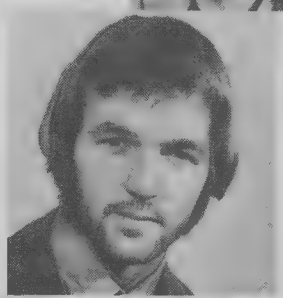
Ready and willing to explore the territory of the top music charts, the LEWIS & CLARKE EXPEDITION is made up of five adventurous spirits. TRAVIS LEWIS and BOOMER CLARKE sing and lead KEN BLOOM, JOHNNY RAINES and JOHN LONDON in fulfilling their mutually held dream: "To be successful recording artists." Colgems Records agree with their dream and are helping them along the way; they want the California group to sing for them! This musical exploration could be the home of many hits to come.

MOBY GRAPE

Out of all the action in California's music scene, five "wandering minstrels" got together by a force that must be called brilliant magnetism. Since SKIP, BOB, JERRY, PETER and DON are all expert musicians, fine song-writers and easy-going personalities, the meeting was good news for all. Their hard, solid sounds and poetic lyrics were once heard only in the San Francisco area. But now that the MOBY GRAPE has signed with Columbia records, we all can share their groovin' music!

SKIP SPENCE

BOB MOSLEY



JERRY MILLER

DON STEVENSON

PETER LEWIS

LESLIE UGGAMS' BEAUTY WORLD

A talented actress and exciting singing star, lovely Leslie is also a beauty expert. In this new column she'll reveal beauty secrets you'll want to know about.

GRACEFUL HANDS:

"Wings on her fingers, bells on her toes, she shall have music wherever she goes." This old rhyme paints a pretty picture—even if it isn't particularly practical—and it does convey the essence of femininity; which is exactly what we're striving for. You'll be able to manage quite nicely without bells on your toes, but if you want your rings to look like anything at all on your fingers—especially that diamond solitaire!—you'll have to have pretty hands. And you can't have pretty hands if your nails are broken or torn or bitten right down to the quick.

It's a rare youngster who hasn't gone through a short siege of nail-biting at some ***(Please turn to page 53)***

From the book, THE LESLIE UGGAMS' BEAUTY BOOK by Leslie Uggams with Marie Fenton. © 1966 by Leslie Uggams and Marie Fenton. Published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey.

PANTRY PIN-UPS

Want to know the fave recipes of the stars? Here's the page where you'll find 'em. Just cut it out and pin it up!

IMAGINE a great big old "white elephant" house, dusty and full of creakings and memories. Then, imagine buying that house, only to discover it had a resident ghost!

The Blues Magoos actually *did* buy a house like that, in New York's Bronx, so they could live together when they weren't on the road. And they're *convinced* that Fritz (their ghost) helps them out in all sorts of little ways. But he can't cook!

So when the Magoos recently returned from a long tour and wanted a celebration dinner for all, they gave part of it to Fritz as an offering of thanks for watching after the house. The special dinner was Chicken Paprikash over noodles, an exotic—sounding dish that's easier 'n' pie to make.

Gather together a large cut-up fryer, four large onions, butter or chicken fat, salt, pepper and paprika, as well as a cup of cold sour cream and some flour. Cooking is done in a large Dutch-oven type of pan, with a cover.

Let the chicken soak in a bowl of water while you saute (fry over a low flame) the finely cut-up onions in 4 tbsps. of the butter or chicken fat. When the onions are slightly brown, add 2 tbsps. of paprika and mix well.

Then take the chicken pieces directly from the bowl of water and place them directly into the heavy pan with the paprika-onion mixture at the bottom. Cover tightly and let everything cook for 40 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste at this point, and then re-cover and allow an hour more for cooking, turning the chicken occasionally.

Then remove from heat and pour the pan-gravy out into a bowl to cool. Work in 1 tbsp. of flour into 1 cup of sour cream, mixing well. Then pour the chicken gravy into the sour cream mix, going very slowly.

The sauce is ready for you to pour all over the chicken. Then re-heat the pan so that the sauce thickens. Serve over broad egg-noodles.

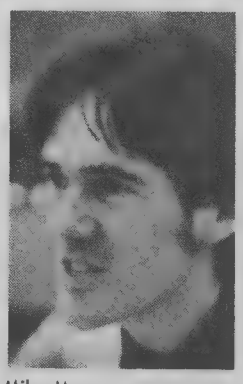
The chicken's luscious cooking aroma "had Fritz practically in tears," Ralph Magoo said. "So we played him a special song as we left him our offering of a wish-bone over a noodle —with sauce."

THE BLUES MAGOOS

Ralph Magoo

Geoff Magoo

Peppy Magoo



Mike Magoo

Ronnie Magoo

MOST HANDSOME DJ IN

VOTE! VOTE! VOTE!

HY LIT

You only have to take one glance at Hy Lit's film star looks, to understand why his fans refer to him lovingly as "Handsome Hy." The undisputed number 1 DJ in the Delaware Valley, Hy swings out nightly on WIBG Radio, Philadelphia, Pa. Teens in the area really dig his cool looks and great show—and he has over 35,000 members in his fan club to prove it! Hy, who really enjoys his work and loves meeting teenagers, is interested in local affairs.

ROBY YONGE

Down in Miami, Florida, listeners to WQAM Radio are wild about their handsome deejay, Roby Yonge. Roby hits the airwaves between 3 pm and 6 pm every day and his swinging show is tops with his huge fan following. Born in Ft. Jackson, S.C., 25 years ago, Roby has brown eyes, brown hair and is still a bachelor. He loves singing with local bands, and admits that one day he'd like to attempt serious acting in films. Also digs reading and swimming.

1st PRIZE: *An ALL-EXPENSE PAID WEEKEND FOR TWO in glamorous HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA! The winner will also receive a beautiful GOLD ENGRAVED PLAQUE!*

2nd PRIZE: *A HANDSOME SILVER ENGRAVED PLAQUE!*

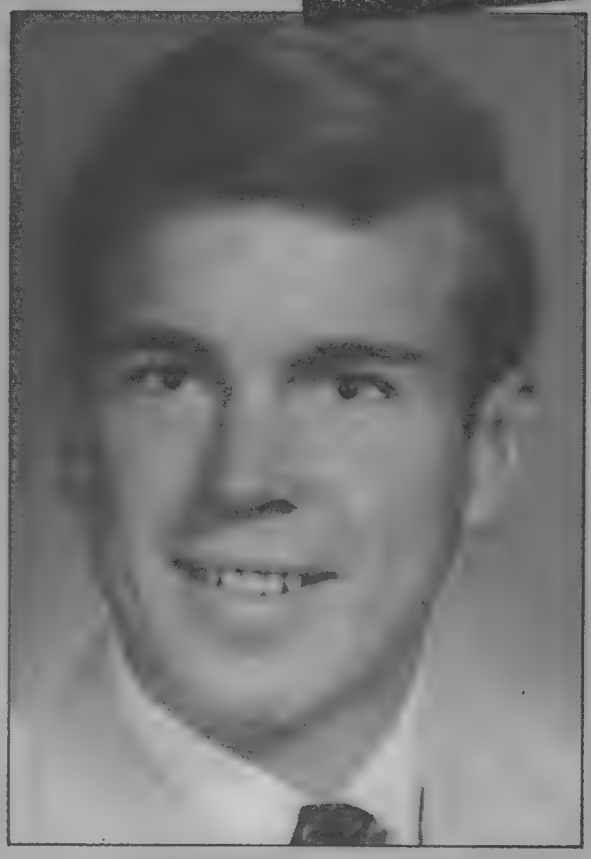
3rd PRIZE: *A STUNNING BRONZE ENGRAVED PLAQUE!*

4th PRIZE: *A MAGNIFICENT SCROLL!*

THE WORLD-1967 GRAND FINALS

DENNIS SHREEFER

With his wowee looks Dennis Shreefer should be in flicks! Gorgeous Dennis hosts the 5:30 pm to midnight spot on WDBQ Radio, Dubuque, Iowa, and his popular show is a combination of pop, classical and country and Western music. Six feet tall with brown hair and brown eyes, Dennis keeps in trim by weightlifting. When he has time, Dennis says he enjoys playing the piano and doing local theatre work. He also loves meeting, and getting to know his listeners.



ROGER CARTER

Take 155 pounds of rugged he-man, add blue eyes, blond hair and stand him 5′ 9″, and who have you got? Answer: Roger Carter. Aged 20, and single, Roger is the afternoon man on KSEL Radio, Lubbock, Texas, and listeners in the area just love him! A keen athlete, Roger spends his off-duty hours skin-diving, water skiing and ice skating. A busy guy, Roger is also majoring in journalism and marketing advertising at Texas Tech in Lubbock.

■ **Yes—the moment has arrived. It's time for you to let us know which DJ YOU think should have the title of THE MOST HANDSOME DJ IN THE WORLD—1967! Will it be HY LIT? Or ROBY YONGE? Or DENNIS SHREEFER? Or ROGER CARTER? These are the four gorgeous guys who you voted top in previous heats, and now they're all together in the Grand Finals, eagerly awaiting YOUR decision. And no wonder—just look at the fabulous prizes there are to be won! Remember, YOU are the judges in this contest. It's up to YOU to decide the lucky guy who's going to get all the glory, fun and honor! So get out your pen or pencil NOW and mark a cross in the box next to the DJ YOU want to win! The results of the Grand Finals will appear in the March, 1968 issue of Teen Life, on sale January 12, 1968.**

TEEN LIFE

MOST HANDSOME DJ IN THE WORLD — 1967
Teen Life, P. O. Box 384
Madison Square Station
New York, N. Y. 10010

NAME: _____ AGE: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

I think the MOST HANDSOME DJ IN THE WORLD — 1967 is:

HY LIT ☐ DENNIS SHREEFER ☐

ROBY YONGE ☐ ROGER CARTER ☐

The decision of the judges is final. No entries can be returned.
Contest closes November 15, 1967.

TEENS TAKE OVER

This is truly YOUR page, so fill it with YOUR own stories, interviews, 'n art work. *Mail to: TEEN LIFE, P.O. Box 384, Madison Square Station, New Yor, N.Y. 10010*

A FAN'S-EYE VIEW OF THE MONKEES

by Lori Lee, Canoga Park, Calif.

I could hardly believe my good luck! Before I met them, I didn't believe I could make the acquaintance of four of the grooviest guys ever to hit the music world. It was too fabulous a thought for reality. But sure enough, it came into being and here are all the exciting details of meeting the Monkees.

Upon arriving in Hollywood at about 9:15 in the morning, I immediately sped to Columbia Screen Gems, only to find out that the Monkees were not presently filming.

Although discouraged, I refused to give up and went directly to Lenny's Boot Parlor. Hearing so much about its merchandise, I wanted to browse around.

The salesman was most helpful because it was he who told me that the boys were to have a recording session at the R.C.A. Building. I rushed over there and asked the guard on duty when the session was scheduled to begin. He said that all the equipment was set up for 10:00, which was only a half hour away. So I waited and waited and waited patiently until someone spotted Micky's red, white and blue Volkswagen bus. The time was exactly 1:17 in the afternoon.

Well, that just set every teenybopper off. They all started screaming and crying as if completely out of their minds. I was terribly nervous myself but upon seeing Micky for the first time I knew that everything would turn out just grand. He was comfortably attired in a pair of cut-offs, white T-shirt, brown sandals, and policeman's hat. He was out-a-sight!

I hurried up and handed him some gifts picked out 'specially for his character. They consisted of several goofy cartoon mags, a big chewy dog bone for either himself or You, and a paddle-set. He then signed autographs and disappeared into the building.

Only on his second trip out to greet his fans did I notice the big difference in his appearance. Micky had actually grown a beard! When I later asked him why he did it, he replied, "It keeps my face warm." And it sure was fuzzy enough to do the job just fine.

OTHER MONKEES ARRIVE

Sometime later Mike arrived on the scene. He had also grown a beard which gave his face a very masculine look. And with his strong Texan accent, he was absolutely groovy! I really dug him. I gave Mike a surprise present.

It was about 3:00 when Peter showed up and brightened everyone's tired faces and spirits. All the fans had waited from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon. But when I gave Peter his presents of a gyroscope top, Mad paperback, and poem made to order about him alone, he smiled and looked so touched that every minute of waiting was worthwhile.

THE GREAT WATERFIGHT

Everyone was now waiting impatiently for the smallest Monkee to arrive and make his grand appearance.

Suddenly, Micky came racing down the street as fast as his size 10 feet would carry him, yelling that they were after him. We all turned around just in time to see him get squirted right in the face with water by two members of the Family Tree, a groovy new singing group.

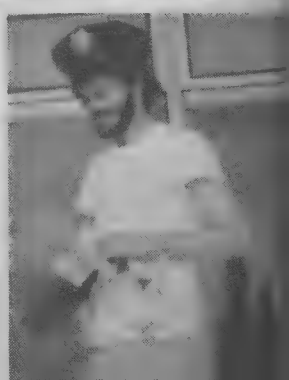
Micky, who never lets a person get the better of him, started squirting back which was an unfortunate move *(Please turn to page 51)*

Lori really dug Mike, his accent and groovy beard.

Peter was sweet and gentle, here he signs his autograph for fans.

Peter again. He made waiting so long worthwhile.

Micky, sporting his fuzzy beard, was really nice to all. But, he squirted Lori!



GARY'S SWINGIN' SCENE!

Gary Stevens takes time out to write for you—with help from the Wooleyburger.

HELLO on you! So how are all my little culture lovers?

Surprises, surprises, they come in little packages. And The MAMAS & PAPAS have their own surprise in pink or blue coming pretty soon—Mama MICHELLE wife of Papa JOHN PHILIPS, is expecting a baby!

If you remember, Mama CASS gave the world OWEN VANESSA just last April; Michelle expects her little 'un in March.

Much happiness!

Ready? More big news. ELVIS's beautiful young wife, the ex-PRISCILLA BEAULIEU, is ALSO expecting a new-born. This fairy-tale-come-true couple will now have everything for the best kind of happiness.

THE COWSILLS are suddenly getting noticed from all over. The groovy-looking guys have supposedly signed a TV series contract, and their records are doing just fine.

On groups, PROCOL HARUM have added BARRY WILSON and ROBERT TROWER to replace ROY ROYER and BOBBY HARRISON, who couldn't stand the frantic pace that sudden fame brought them.

And the TURTLES suffered a lost member. JIM TUCKER left. They say they'll keep their number to five from now on and that they'll miss him.

Oh, well, changes, changes. Now SAM THE SHAM says that in 6 months, he won't be singing at all! He's signed with MGM pics to do three movies a year, and he's decided to stay in the movie business exclusively.

SPANKY McFARLAN of OUR GANG pop fame got a very warm and happy letter the other day. It came from the mother of the FIRST Spanky, the little tyke who starred in many thirties' movies. It just said how very happy it made Mrs. McFarlan that the name was still around! Spanky—the girl—is saving the letter, natch.

Did you know that the theme for MALIBU U, the great summer TV show, was sung by HARPERS BIZARRE? Malibu got such raves from pop and teen fans that ABC may keep it on. Hope so.

MARK LINDSAY upped his living standards again! By the time you read this, the handsome RAIDER will be in his new home. $170,000 worth. His dream-come-true was once owned by GORDON & SHEILA McRAE.

TOMMY JAMES was signed for a TV pilot. This means, if it sells, that he'll be starring with ERNEST BORGNINE starting in October.

PETER ASHER of P&G fame, bought a lovely new house in London's West End. Wonder if that means marriage plans . . .

Sad news about SPENCER DAVIS. Seems that touring the U.S. had some confusions—and contusions!—for him. While performing at Chicago's CHEETAH, Spence got confused by the strobe lights, fell off the stage and cut his leg. All was well by the second act, tho, and now he's feeling fine.

ROY ORBISON will be touring Canada by the time you read this. The star of FASTEST GUITAR ALIVE had a marvelous time at a jam session in Montreal last time he was there. Sang with IAN & SYLVIA, among others.

St. Thomas, in the Virgin Islands has a celebrated street! CREEQUE ALLEY, the great Mamas & Papas song, is an ode to a wee passageway between the many nite-spots the M&P's once worked for. Just a little info for all my culture lovers!

To end, DONOVAN is strongly rumored to be coming to the U.S. by the time you read this for a grand tour—mostly of college campuses. Seems he's cleared up his Customs Dept. hassles.

Well, that's all for this month Good Guys. See you next!

The Mamas & Papas have a great reason for celebrating for beautiful Mama Michelle. Right, Turtles' Jim Tucker has left the group.

DIALING THE DJ's with TJ

Tell it to TJ if you want to brag about your fave DJ. Send notes, Fan Club 'n' pix . . .

FAN CLUBS RAVE: PEGGY ENGLAND and LYNN ZARM write to rave about their fave DJ, RICK (TIC) MORTON of WRKT Radio, Cocoa, Florida. Rick was written up in T.L. one year ago in the December, 1966, issue, causing a lot of excitement for the 21-year-old DJ. Rick moved to sunny Florida in 1961 from New York, where he'd DJ'ed since age fifteen! Now, Rick is famous for throwing the best, grooviest dances and for his "instant request" show every nite from 7 to midnight. Teens wait patiently every night to call in their requests—he'll play anything you ask for, just like that! His Saturday night show comes live from the Tiger Den, which is Moonport, U.S.A.'s largest recreation center. In his spare time, Rick writes a weekly newspaper column called, "It's What's Happening!" And he's also working on sending tapes of his shows to our boys in Viet Nam. You may see Rick driving around in a wild, apple-red 2 plus 2, and he lives in a really out-a-sight apartment equipped with a tiny toy poodle called—what else!—"DJ." Just tune in Station 13 to hear for yourself why his fans call Rick "East Florida's Best." To join the Rick (Tic) Morton Fan Club write to him at WRKT Radio, Rt. 1, Cocoa, Florida.

RECORD RIOT IN N.C.: HOWARD ANDERSON of WEED Radio, Rocky Mount, N.C., lined up a great promotion to help the North Carolina Heart Association's fund-raising project. Howard's many friends in the record industry sent down over 1,000 top-20 records and a Record Riot was held at Tarrytown Mall. A local group, THE ESSEX, tops in the area, gave their time and talents to the effort. With Howie as advisor, Jr. Optimist Club members and the T.K.D. Club (T.K.D. means Three Kind Deeds) worked in shifts all day from 7 to 'way in the night to "sell" the records for a 25 cents donation each. If anybody would like information on the Rocky Mount Jr. Optimist Club or the TKD's, Howie will send photos and info. They have their own clubhouse, pool table, private unlisted phone, TV and all the comforts of an adult clubhouse. Most of the boys are surfing buffs or water sports enthusiasts. The teens of Rocky Mount are like a big, happy family—hard-working and public-minded largely because of these clubs. You can write to Howie at WEED Radio, Rocky Mount, N.C.

PHOENIX MAIL: Vicki and Sherry Maxson want to brag about their fave DJ—BOB SHANNON (alias SUPER BOBBY-POO)—who's on the air from 7 p.m. to midnight, Monday through Saturday on KRUX Radio in Phoenix, Arizona. Bobby's a busy guy. He's been in radio work for 9 years, worked on popular TV shows, was in a Walt Disney movie and is also a recording artist. A real swinger, he's President of the KRUX BOMP (Best Of Modern People) Club, which he hosts Monday through Fridays from 7 to 8 p.m. When The Monkees were in Phoenix, they "took over" Bob's show. What a ball! To join the Bob Shannon Fan Club, write to: Sherry & Vicki Maxson, 8823 North 30th Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85021.

COLLEGETOWN USA: BILL KOPALD is the man to have lunch with on WTKO Radio, in Ithaca, N. Y., the home of Cornell University and Ithaca College. Bill swings from noon to three in Collegetown, U.S.A. The 24 year old DJ began his radio career back in 1959 in the days of King Arthur and the Knights of the Turntable at his hometown station, WKRT in Cortland, N. Y. After 5 years in radio, Uncle Sam came calling with those ready-made green suits. While in the Army, BILL worked at KELP Radio, El Paso, Texas, then was shipped to Viet Nam for 13 months. When not working at WTKO Radio, BILL and his old friends Ronnie Dio & The Prophets (who record for Cameo-Parkway Records), work together producing commercials and jingles for radio and various firms in the area. Among many other things, he digs good food, Frank & Nancy Sinatra and those groovy Ivy League coeds! To join the Bill Kopald Fan Club write to him at 28 Glenn Street, Cortland, N. Y. 10345.

DON'T FORGET: It's time for you to get in glossy photos and biographical information for T.L.'s fantastic THE MOST HANDSOME DJ IN THE WORLD CONTEST—1968. As you know, your fave DJ could be the winner of a fab all-expense paid weekend for two in London, England which is first prize! Think about how great it would be if your fave won! In order for him to be in the contest, YOU have to act NOW. So, send in those photos and biographies to: TEEN LIFE, MOST HANDSOME DJ IN THE WORLD CONTEST—1968, P.O. Box 384, Madison Square Station, New York, N. Y. 10010. Lots of lucky, everybody!

Left, Bill (WTKO) Kopald at the mike entertains The Prophets, a swingin' new group. Above, Howard Anderson, a Rocky Mt., N.C., fave.

Above, Phoenix, Arizona, fans rave about their "Super Bobby-Poo," Bob Shannon of KRUX Radio.

Catch Rick (WRKT) Morton, left, in Cocoa, Fla. Below, those fab guys, Herman's Hermits visited Gene (WGH) Loving, T. J. and Hank (Billboard) Fox.

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DATELINES

by

ELE and WALT DULANEY

It is here, in this very spot, where you can rid yourself of **all** your problems, be they on love, "that boy," parents, friends, loneliness . . . everything and anything that troubles you. ELE and WALT DULANEY, young happy-weds with enormous experience working with and for teenagers, want to help you to a more wonderful TEEN LIFE . . .

Q *Dear Ele: I liked a boy for a long time from afar. He didn't know anything about me and I decided it was best to keep it that way because he had a lot of faults that needed correcting. So I started writing him letters signed only, "A Friend." I told him what was wrong with him, why he didn't keep many friends, and what would improve his popularity.*

All together, I wrote about 20 letters. At first I didn't see much change, but then he really started improving on the points that were wrong, and now he's really popular. I haven't written any letters for two months but I was thinking that maybe I might write one more and tell him that he's "graduated" and let him know who I am. But I'm scared. How would he take it? Would he hate me or be embarrassed around me or what? Help me think it out.—A Friend.

Dear Friend: In your evaluation he's really "shaped up" via your mail coaching. O.K., that's your scoring. Who can say how he felt receiving those postage critiques of yours? And how close did you come to destroying his self-confidence instead of helping him? You came uninvited into this boy's life. Now exit as you've entered—anonymously!—ELE.

* * *

Q *Dear Ele and Walt: My parents are unreasonable to my friends. My parents think they know everything, but they don't. Because I ran away from home for a week, and my friends helped hide me, my parents say I can't have anything to do with them anymore. They don't realize that if my friends hadn't helped me, I would have ended up staying with this man who is really not quite right. So really my friends kept me out of trouble. How can I make my parents see this so I can see my friends this summer?—Vincent.*

Dear Vincent: Your parents must have been terribly worried about you. It will take time for their fright to fade. Let things rest for two weeks, and concentrate on being a good "boarder" at home. Do your chores, be pleasant, and don't lie.

Then tell your parents that you put your friends in an uncomfortable position, that if they hadn't taken care of you, you might have gotten into serious trouble. Tell them why. If your timing and behavior are right, your parents will listen and possibly lift the ban. We'll cross our fingers.—ELE and WALT.

P.S. Now you know, running away from home is NEVER an improvement on a troubled situation!

* * *

Q *Dear Ele: Last Friday night I dated a boy I've known for two weeks, and we doubled with my cousin and her boy friend.*

After we bowled, they suggested we go and park, but I refused. I told them that I valued a kiss, and tried to explain that it meant something to me, not just something to do because we had an extra half-hour to kill. My date said we could get to know each other better this way, but I told him I'd rather do it the old-fashioned, gradual way. They laughed at me and took me home. Now, good old reliable cousin has spread it all over school and my social life is colder than I'm supposed to be. Advice?—Sitting Home.

Dear Sitting: No doubt about it, you're in for several weeks of teasing. But in time the jokesters will seek fresh material, and your "Iceberg Night" will stop being topic No. 1. If you keep a warm smile on your face throughout this ordeal, your cold reputation will defrost shortly thereafter. (Incidentally, I think you have the right valuation of a kiss!)—ELE.

* * *

Ele and Walt Dulaney would like to help you to have a better, lovelier life. To take advantage of their love and understanding, address your letters to Ele and Walt c/o TEEN LIFE, P. O. Box 384, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010. The Dulaney's column also appears in newspapers throughout the country, distributed by Bell-McClure Syndicate.

FASHION WRITE

continued from page 26

deep or pale blues, and dramatic black are your best bets. But, you will have to use extra caution with any colors you choose. "Clashing" with your hair is a chance you take, so ask someone whose color-sense you trust to go shopping with you at first.

Dear Levino: I recently made the mistake of having my mother give me a permanent. The mistake being that the permanent frizzed my light, "mousy" colored hair and now it's uncontrollably wavy. What can I do with it? It is now shoulder length. —Hair-brained.

Definitely do not attempt straightening or coloring right now. The trouble seems to be that your hair is at that "no-length" between short and very long which is best suited for a page-boy or flip style. With too-wavy hair, these choices are out, so you can go two ways—longer or shorter.

Since you have to wait for your hair to grow out, an expert professional cut is your answer. You don't need to have a very short style, like a little-boy cut, but a length shorter than what you have at present will flatter far more than shoulder length. After your wavy locks are grown out, you can re-examine your hair color and cut.

Remember, whether your problem or question is about fashion, new styles or beauty business in general, I'd love to answer your letter here. Address your fashion queries to: Levino Verna's FASHION WRITE, c/o TEEN LIFE, P.O. Box 384, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010. Love to hear from you! ●

TEENS TAKE OVER

continued from page 46

for yours truly. It just so happened that the person for whom the water was intended ducked—and take an intelligent guess at who got soaking wet. You are 100% correct if you answered me. I didn't mind though, because it was such a hilarious sight to see Micky get so frustrated and wet.

An even funnier sight was his expression when he learned that the whole gun fight was all my fault. After Peter arrived at the building, Micky, Mike, and Rick Klein were just leaving. They returned some time later with a big package containing four or five water pistols, compliments of Mr. Nesmith. You see, besides a paddle-set and little green wool hat for his son, Christian, my surprise gifts also included a gigantic water syringe or hypo-squirt. I wanted to see a waterfight and got more than I'd bargained for. Oh well.

It was worth it. I got to meet three of the four fabulous Monkees and gave them each, in person, several nutty gifts. (Davy never did show up so I left his presents at the studio. I hope he has fun "talling up" with his big box of corn flakes.)

And now, all I can say is, I just hope that every Monkee fan in the whole world could meet them. It was an unforgettable experience! ●

YOUR $1.00 BARGAIN DAY VARIETY COUNTER!

$uper-delicious $tuff on everything from your pet $uper$tition$ to beauty tip$ to handy hou$ehold hint$ to a gala variety of goodie$. TL will $end you $1.00 for every BARGAIN DAY item publi$hed. TEEN LIFE, P.O. Box 384, Madison Sq. Station, New York, N. Y. 10010

by TEEN LIFE READERS

Three great beauty money-$aver$ earn $3.00 for $ANDY JONE$ of W. Lafayette, Ind., They're really handy!:
1. Apply talcum powder to your eye-lahe before your ma$cara. Make$ lahe look longer than ever.
2. Apply creme rin$e, the kind you u$e after $hampoo$, to leg$ before $having. Leave$ leg$ $oft and $mooth-looking.
3. Great make-up bruhe can be bought at your hardware $tore. The tiny one$ you buy there are not a$ expen$ive a$ makeup bruhe and they work ju$t a$ well.

$ $ $

Thank$ and $1.00 go to UAN BERGE$ON of Lafayette, Indiana for thi$ $uper "$tudy" $uper$tition:
Got an exam coming up? $tudy up and for Good Luck wear: $omething backward$; your right $hoe on your left foot and vice-ver$a; if you have a $mart brother or friend—wear $omething of their$. Even if it'$ only a dab of hi$ cologne!

$ $ $

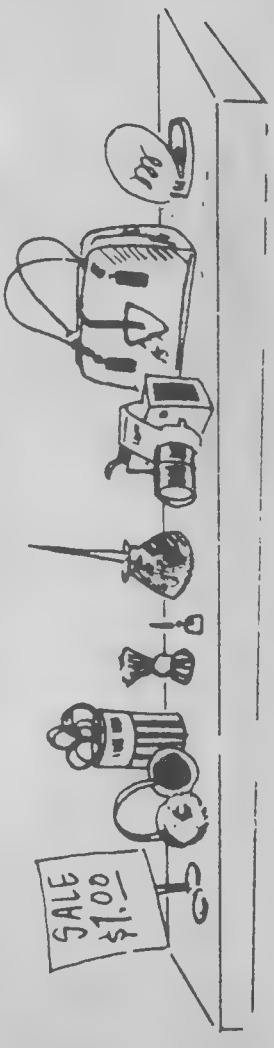
Here'$ a $aving idea from JACKIE DAVI$ of Claremont, Minn:
If you want to make your own bulletin board, cut a large piece of cardboard after mea$uring it to the $ize you want. Cover the cardboard with cloth like corduroy or burlap or even a white di$h towel, and u$ing heavy tape, tape it to the board on the back. Pin doubled-$tring to the back—and you have a neat place for pin-up$.

$ $ $

MARY DONNIT of Roche$ter, Vermont, ha$ a fun beauty tip to $hare:
To $often up rough elbow$, try thi$: While you're watching TV $it on the floor with each elbow re$ting $quarely on a half a lemon.

$ $ $

BY ALL MEAN$ KEEP $ENDING & $ENDING MORE & MORE ODD$ & END$ FOR YOUR BARGAIN DAY VARIETY COUNTER. THEY'RE $IMPLY FABULOU$!



JERRY LEWIS CONDUCTS— NUTNIKS

If you sneak up on JERRY LEWIS at home in-between his travels, you'll find him doubled over . . . from laughing at your NUTNIKS. You know, of course, TL will pay you $2.00 for every NUTNIK published. So send in your funnies to our Nutnik Editor, c/o TEEN LIFE, P.O. Box 384, Madison Square Station, New York, N. Y. 10010.

Catch the giggles from this "shortie" sent in by MAUREEN CARTER of Bridgeport, Ont., Canada:
Q.: *Did you hear about the cat that joined the Red Cross? She wanted to be a first-aid kit.*

* * *

CARY JODRA of Las Vegas, Nevada, wins $2.00 for this Nutnik:
A father decided to employ language as a "working tactic." He said to his teen-age son: *"Man, it's really cool out there. Why don't you get with it and dig that crazy snow?"*

* * *

Here are a couple of cuties from MARY MINNITTI of Amsterdam, N.Y:.
A father introduced his teen-age daughter to a guest. When his daughter sat in total silence he explained: *"She's not used to talking until she hears the dial tone!"*

* * *

Once there was a porpoise who fell madly in love with a submarine. Every time the submarine shot a torpedo, the porpoise would pass out cigars!

* * *

SUSIE FAULKNER of Indianapolis, Indiana, made me titter with this:
Sign on a Volkswagen factory: *"Think Big, And You're Fired!"*

* * *

Thanks and $4.00 to LINDA CARTER of Springdale, Ark., for these funnies:
Bonnie: *"What can I do to make me rise and shine?"*
Poppie: *"Eat yeast and shoe polish."*

* * *

Boy: *"May I kiss you?"* (No answer.)
Boy: *"May I kiss you?* (No answer.)
Boy: *"Are you deaf?"*
Girl: *"No, are you paralyzed?"*

* * *

DEBBIE BARRIS of Banning, Calif., sent in a cute joke:
Soldier: *"Sir, what if I pull the cord of my parachute and it doesn't open?"*
Instructor: *"Well, that's known as jumping to a conclusion."*

* * *

Wanna titter? Read these three jokes sent in by DONALD SEMENTILLI of Thompsonville, Conn.:
Two Eskimos were passing an igloo. Said one: *"I'll bet he's filthy rich. His igloo's made of solid sherbet!"*

* * *

Q.: *What do they call the Golden Gate bridge at 5:00 p.m.?*
A.: *The star-spangled spanner!*

* * *

Bob: *"Did you hear about the man who sat down at dusk and waited to see where the sun went? It finally dawned on him.*

* * *

For laughs, here's a shortie from JACQUELINE BENINI of Brooklyn, N.Y.:
Q.: *If all the cars in the U.S. were pink, what would we have?*
A.: *A pink carnation.*

* * *

JUDY GELNETT of Philadelphia, Pa., sent along a cute driving joke:
John: *"Does your father drive like the directions on a box of Saltines?"*
Rich: *"What do you mean?"*
John: *"The cracker box says, 'Tear along dotted line!' "*

* * *

LINDA PAULEY of Kenton, Ohio hopes we'll like this poem. We do!:
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care;
I'd worn them for weeks,
And they needed the air!

* * *

And for a final touch, CAROLYN ABLES of Bald Knob, Ark. sent this:
Salesman to mother: *"You'll love this children's cereal. It takes the energy right out of them!"*

MICKY DOLENZ

continued from page 18

saying, "Hey, man. Don't get sick, or we'll use your sister . . ."

Coco lives in San Francisco now with her mother and step-father (Micky's father died several years ago and his mother married a minister), so she doesn't get to see her brother as often as she'd like. But they keep in constant touch by telephone, and she visits Micky whenever possible. Recently, when she became serious over a new boyfriend, she insisted he fly down to LA with her to meet Micky because she wanted her brother's approval. After that, Micky invited them both to join him at the first annual Monterey Pop Festival and the threesome had a ball together. They still share problems and secrets, and whenever one or the other is bugged or unhappy they know where to go.

The young man who admitted to being one of the high school classmates who teased Micky now says, "As far as I'm concerned, they couldn't have chosen a better person for the Monkees, because he's a crowd pleaser. I was over on the set the other day and they were shooting outside, and there's a big fence that blocks off the people on the street. There were 25 or 30 girls looking through the wire, yelling and trying to get the Monkees attention, and all the boys ignored them except Mick.

"Another time I went with Micky and Tommy Boyce to the Hulabaloo (a Hollywood teen-age night club) and as you know, *no star* tries to walk into the front door of that club. There's always a couple of hundred kids milling around out front, and you could get killed trying to get through a crowd like that.

"So we started for the artist's entrance on the side, and Micky said, 'No, man. The crowd's not too bad. Let's go past them . . . we talked him out of that one cause he would have been mauled. But another time in Phoenix there must have been a thousand kids outside our hotel and Micky rode through them on *roller skates*. The fans *flipped* and he dug it!

"When things like that happen it's like he's got an entire audience filled with chicks like his sister . . . birds that are loyal and who boost his ego by laughing at his actions and who would defend him with all their strength if someone put him down.

"Micky needs that more than any of the other Monkees and that's understandable when you remember that the only gal who stood beside him in high school was Coco.

"One of my buddies dated her once in those days . . . but *only* once . . . and you know why? Not because she wasn't groovy looking, 'cause she was . . . but because all she did was talk about what a great guy her brother was and why didn't the other cats give him a chance. When you're on a date, you're not ready to spend an evening listening to a girl brag about her *brother*, but that's how devoted she was."

Today there are countless girls who would give anything to show Micky their understanding and love, and his friends will tell you that he gets around to just as many of them as possible. But no matter how many girls come into his life . . . even when he finally falls deeply in love and marries . . . there'll always be one special place in his heart reserved for his best friend—his sister, Coco. ●

BY JUDY MERWIN

LESLIE UGGAMS' BEAUTY WORLD

continued from page 42

time or another. It's all part and parcel of growing up and the spell seldom lasts long. With some girls though, the biting never seems to stop. I know. I went through such a stage myself and can tell you on the very best authority that this can be one of the worst habits to cure. It seemed as if years were going by while I tried all sorts of tricks that would keep me from nibbling my nails. My friends gave me all kinds of advice. These invariably were people who had never had the problem themselves!

Even *with* all types of home remedies . . . I was never able to break the habit for much longer than a week at a time. Then back to the nails with renewed vigor! When a cure was finally effected, it came about most unexpectedly.

One morning I woke up and, after bathing and the usual careful grooming routine, dressed for a very special occasion. Picking up my purse and gloves, I stopped to give myself a quick, last-minute appraisal. I glanced at my hands —and visibly wilted. They were horrid! That was the exact moment when I *firmly* made my mind up to stop biting my nails.

I guess the old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," rings true after all, because that was it. As of that morning, my nail-biting days were over. Now I'm proud of my pretty hands . . .

My Hands Have To Be Expressive

As a singer, my hands help me to project a feeling to an audience. The first conscious attention I gave to the way that I used my hands was when I was six and had just started taking dancing lessons. Hand movements are very important, not only in professional dancing but general dancing for pleasure. Just look at the lively hand movements in practically all the discotheque dances.

You probably don't realize it, but you benefit enormously from the hand gestures you make while you're dancing. Your hands and arms move freely with the music's rhythm; you are using them with complete nonchalance and a feeling of expression. . . .

We can't always be dancing, though, however much we might like to. There *are* definite rules that should be learned concerning the proper use of hands for certain situations that come up all the time in everyday living. A friend of mine who is now an airline stewardess told me about her training period in the special airline school she attended. She said that in the beauty course that is such an integral part of the curriculum, quite a lot of emphasis is placed on poise and posture and hands that are pretty and graceful.

On my next cross-country trip (and on many of my frequent coast-to-coast flights thereafter) I began to notice the stewardesses' actions. It's true—they do use their hands most gracefully in pointing, giving directions, taking away dishes and trays, or handing something to a passenger.

One day when my stewardess friend dropped in to see me, I asked her to give me some good advice that I could pass on to you. These are the things that can make all the difference in overall ease of manner. They're really very simple. Once you've learned them, they'll be so natural you won't be able to remember when you weren't making these gestures.

1) Pointing or directing: keep your elbow slightly bent; indicate direction or object with a graceful finger movement. Never stick arm or finger out straight.

2) Shaking hands: lead with your wrist and extend your hand; make it a firm handclasp; keep gloves on for a handshake if you're already wearing them.

3) Walking: hands should swing no further than the length of your step; keep palms turned in, hands close to your body; let them swing from the shoulder joint. (Not from the elbow.)

4) Standing: a comfortable way to stand if you are not holding anything is to bring one arm across and grasp other arm lightly at the wrist; or you can insert one hand gracefully into a pocket, leaving thumb exposed; don't just pull down on the pocket.

5) Sitting: in a chair without arms, let one of your arms cross your lap and lightly grasp wrist of other arm. In a chair with arms, let one arm rest relaxed in your lap and allow other hand to fall loosely over edge of armrest.

My friend said she used to spend nights practicing these hand gestures in front of a mirror; before long they came naturally to her in everyday activities.

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WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITE T.V. PERSONALITIES?

MALE ***FEMALE***

.....

WHAT STORIES IN THIS ISSUE DIDN'T YOU READ? .....

.....

HOW OFTEN DO YOU GO TO THE MOVIES? .....

WHICH MOVIE STARS DO YOU LIKE BEST?

MALE ***FEMALE***

.....

HOW OFTEN DO YOU BUY RECORDS? .....

WHOSE RECORDS DO YOU LIKE MOST?

MALE ***FEMALE***

.....

.....

WHAT SCHOOL DO YOU ATTEND? .....

WHAT GRADE ARE YOU IN NOW? .....

HAVE YOU EVER ANSWERED A TEEN LIFE QUESTIONNAIRE BEFORE?

.....

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I find that when my hands are relaxed, this feeling spreads throughout my body and helps me feel more secure about my overall appearance. People used to be amazed at my calmness when I first appeared on the Mitch Miller TV shows. "How can a girl of seventeen be so relaxed?" they always asked. Other factors are involved, of course, but acquiring poise early in life helps.

There are small everyday hand movements and attitudes that we all use. By knowing a few secrets, you can turn an otherwise clumsy mannerism into a graceful gesture. Here are some of the mannerisms and how they can be handled.

1) Don't clutch a cup or glass. Hold it firmly, yet daintily. (No, the "little finger" bit is out!) This applies to holding a drinking straw, too.

2) Don't prop your elbows on the table or wave your knife around in tune with the conversation when you're at the dinner table. Proper table manners do get pounded into us practically from infancy, but the time must come when a girl begins to take them seriously. Your hands do come to the front when dining, so they should look their prettiest. It's an ideal time, too, for a boy to notice them and pay you a worthy compliment. Then it all makes sense, doesn't it?

Next month, Leslie Uggams will write you from her Beauty Book *about how to acquire a real sense of fashion know-how and how to know what type of dresses suit your body-type—handy tips on fashion you'll love to read. Don't miss it!* ●

HERMAN

continued from page 15

Yes, it's a ever-changing scene in good old London Town (if you'll forgive me sounding like a travelog). And believe it or not, even London Bridge really IS falling down! Yes! The old song's coming true!

Well, actually it's going to be pulled down. And . . . you've heard of wily boys selling gullible tourists the Brooklyn Bridge? Well, they're actually offering London Bridge for sale (the authorities, I mean) to anybody who'll take it away!

The only snag is, you've got to take the lot; you can't just buy bits of it. Any offers?

So one way and another, the boys and I were wondering what changes there would have been by the time we got back.

We knew one thing that WON'T have changed. That early-morning call at the film studios. Because we went straight back to continue work on Mrs. Brown You've Got a Lovely Daughter, *our film that shows all kinds of lively London.*

Filming's taken longer than expected. So . . . no Honolulu Holiday for us at the end of the tour. No lazing on the sands by the breaking surf. No palm trees waving overhead against an azure sky (more travelog stuff). Instead . . .

The lights, the clapper board, the cameras, and the dulcet tones of our producer, Saul Swimmer saying: "That was great, boys! *Let's try it one more time . . .*"

It's all go, isn't it? ●

DAVE CLARK

continued from page 21

We like each other as old friends, that's all."

Does Dave believe marriage, whether to Cathy or to someone else, would hurt his career?

"No," was the instant reply. "Sure, four or five years ago, that was the case. But I think in this day and age—which is kind of unconventional—it doesn't harm a man's career. I think it makes him *real*. Everybody's going to get married someday, you know," Dave continued. "Why the fans, they grow up with you. Obviously, they're going to get married too, so you kind of do it together!" He added, "But I wouldn't get married overnight."

If you had known this serious-minded Britisher in the days when his draftsman job had been combined with nothing more spectacular than the problem of raising money for his football team's outings (which is why Dave first started the DC 5), you would have thought him impetuous, care-free and impulsive.

But now, at 25, things have changed.

Underneath the sparkling smiles and easy candor, and at the bottom of his pop fame is Dave Clark, the careful, even shrewd businessman. A man who considers his moves before he makes them. Dave produces his own records, writes many of his songs, along with Mike Smith, and has recently involved himself with real estate interests. So it was easy to understand the older, more mature Dave Clark when he talked further about marriage . . . and about waiting for the right girl.

"When I *do* get married, it'll be planned and I'll want everyone to know about it. I think it's wrong to keep something secret that you'd be so proud of.

"You see, there are good reasons for not rushing into marriage. Well, I've got good habits and bad habits, just as everyone else. And even if I did meet the right girl tomorrow and fell madly in love, you've just got to take the time to find out if you're really going to hit it off."

What kind of girl would inspire Dave to the altar? He answered quickly.

"There's no definite type of girl I like —except I prefer a girl I can converse with, with perhaps a sense of humor.

"All girls are attractive in some way," he smilingly admitted. "Some are attractive immediately, in looks, but they may lack personality; another girl may not be as good-looking but when you get to know her, when you talk to her, she's got a personality. That's so important," he added. "Looks aren't everything.

"And I believe a wife's place is in the home, as old-fashioned as that may seem. I wouldn't marry someone with a career of her own, you know."

What about Dave's new home, his pride and joy?

"I bought the house purposefully for my parents. In traveling all around the world as I do, it's nice to go home to reality for awhile. My living with my parents gives me a chance to get away from it all, to relax and enjoy myself with them away from the 24-hour world of the pop business. I love my fans, don't get me wrong!" Dave hastily added. He was sincerely concerned that anyone might misunderstand that! "But every man needs a retreat."

Then, for a short while, Dave sat back in his chair and silently reflected.

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Two tiny vertical lines appeared between his eyebrows as his face grew more serious. It was easy to imagine he was thinking into the misty future, to the time of his marriage. How would he like to live, and where would he live after finally succumbing to the merry peal of church bells ringing on his wedding day?

Dave's furrowed brow disappeared, and once again his eyes smiled. "Oh, I'd live quietly. I want a family you know. Very much. And if I got married, I'd like a big house in the country outside of London on twenty or thirty acres, with a couple of horses, a couple of dogs . . . as well as a wife, of course!"

Everyone laughed. But in Dave Clark's laughter there was a real touch of longing. . . . ●

GENE PITNEY

continued from page 24

course I worried sometimes, but who wouldn't?

And then we were married. When we did it after waiting so long, naturally we did it in a rush! Actually we had planned well ahead, but the series of events were so different, so untypical of the usual wedding, that they seemed to have taken place in another world, another time. Gene and I decided to wed in San Remo, Italy, where the famous Song Festival captures the attention of all of Europe. Gene was going to appear there.

Gene rented a beautiful yacht and we docked at the harbor. We were married in Italian ceremonies that I will always cherish in my heart. The quaint, old-fashioned buildings, the streets and the festival itself gave the wedding a real air of a fairy-tale. We later honeymooned in London, but our first days together were spent on the yacht. And that was my first introduction to Gene's fans—Italian style!

For, in Italy especially, a famous person belongs to everyone. People would stand and wait for hours for a glimpse of Gene on the dock we were moored to. They didn't want to come aboard, they really didn't want to interfere with our privacy, they just wanted to see Gene! And that amazed me.

I mentioned we went to London. Gene says it gave him a real kick to see my reactions after we landed. *He* says he's almost immune to feeling that England is a "foreign" country after years of visiting there, but I almost burst with excitement! And then after two happy weeks together, I left for Connecticut to ready our new home.

We live in a small, two family house right now which we don't plan to stay in permanently. Although we've picked out the style and kind of home we want for the future, we both want to take our time in planning and building it. I don't know what type of furniture I'd like to have for a permanent home and we both want everything to be for "forever" and just right in the home we call our own. So we'll wait.

We have two bedrooms on the second floor, a lovely kitchen, dining room and living room on the first, with a marvelously open view of the countryside surrounding us. There's a terrace, which leads to a barbecue area (which Gene is master of, by the way!). And then a pool, which we both loved last summer.

Furnishing our little house was lots of

fun. But the master's touch is in the living room, where Gene has hung a huge wild goat's head that he shot. He shot—and carried—the *whole* 110 lb. goat on a Hawaiian island. It's one of Gene's favorite stories—and mine.

My life now with Gene is filled with all the happy things that all newly-marrieds have. Gene is always busy, even while he's resting, so it's quite a challenge to keep up with him! He graciously says he loves my cooking, which I'm working on steadily.

Now, Gene and I have decided a way to avoid many of the long separations that we both didn't like before we were married. Any trip he takes which isn't a bus tour, I'll accompany him on, so long as it isn't just a few days long. Or, that was what we planned, until now.

For I haven't told you about the greatest and most marvelous blessing of all the things we have to be thankful for. I am expecting a child right now, a little girl or boy who should be born by the time you read this. He or she will occupy both of us full-time, I'm sure, and this baby will be the crowning final addition to my happiness. Gene and I are both from large families, I like kids—even love them!—as much as Gene does, so this will not be our last baby. Right now, though, I can't wait to have this one!

I suppose what I've told you so far about my life with Gene sounds adventurous. But to me, he's someone who grew up in the same town I did and he has the same roots and ties I have. The glamour of his show-business life is just another good thing attached to the things about him I know and love.

I'm very glad I waited, as you can see. For I'm very proud and happy in my life as Mrs. Gene Pitney. ●

MARK LINDSAY

continued from page 14

change? If he just talks to his neighbor and complains about it, nothing will ever be done. The hole will remain because the congressman didn't know anything about it.

Social injustices really make me sad. In fact, on our next album we sing about social injustices and prejudices against racial and religious groups. It's hard to conceive that people don't like each other because of their religion or race. I couldn't believe it until it happened on one of our tours. I remember this one restaurant objected to a Negro fellow who was traveling with us and wouldn't serve him. We tried to convince the waiter that he wasn't a Negro but an Indian. I had heard about such things, but when it happened to me it was too hard to believe.

And I can't understand why some people won't let other people live next door to them. When I was seven years old, we lived next door to a colored doctor and his family. I used to play with his children and never thought anything about it until one day someone asked me if it bothered me. At first, I couldn't imagine what he was talking about. "Of course it doesn't bother me," I told him. They were kids just like any other kids. I saw no difference then, and I still don't. I hope that someday education will improve these terrible situations. Maybe tomorrow when I wake up the whole world will have woken up too. That would be groovy. ●

As told to DOLLY BERMAN

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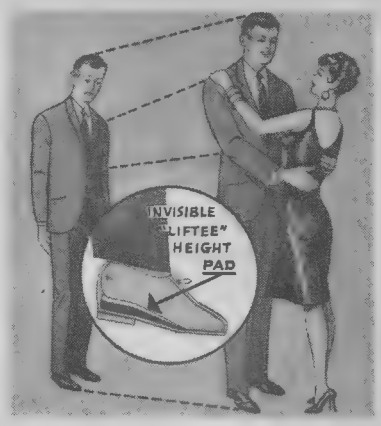

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More prize winners will be announced next month.

GARY LEWIS

continued from page 39

prise just the same.

Jinky and I decided to come down and visit Mom and the kids for a weekend. It had been quite some time since we had done that, ever since Jinky first started getting that queasy, upset stomach that so frequently goes with the first few months of pregnancy, and had been advised by the doctor to lay off flying until she got over it. Well, she told me she was over it and we took the plane down to Los Angeles—and that's when I should have figured something was up. For she wasn't over it. In fact, she got deathly sick on the plane and stayed sick almost the whole weekend. How about her? What a kid! Here she was, knowing the trip would make her miserable, yet being in on all that mysterious family planning for a birthday surprise party for me and not wanting to spoil things. So she summoned up all her courage and got on the plane with me, dreading every step and mile of the way. What a gal! No wonder I'm so crazy about her.

It was quite a clever way she got me to come down that particular weekend. I wasn't sure she was all over that morning sickness and wanted to wait a while to make sure. But she reminded me that I had promised my 7-year-old brother, Anthony, that I would come down soon and take him and his buddies down to the playground for a baseball game and that it wouldn't be right for me to disappoint him because the family was going away to San Diego for a couple weeks' vacation after that and the first thing you know the summer would end and baseball season would be over and I wouldn't get to play ball with Anthony and he would be hurt at my breaking a promise and so let's do it this weekend, honey, she said.

Whew! That's probably the longest sentence I've ever strung together so give me second here to catch my breath and rest my writing arm. Whew! Ok, it's better.

Wellsir, we went down all right—and no sooner did we come through the front door than I got the first of what proved to be a whole raft of thrills. There was the whole family in the living room waiting to greet me, with the whole house dolled up for a party, with paper hats and crepe streamers and a birthday cake saying, "Happy Birthday, Gary" on the table—and they all began singing "Happy Birthday" the minute we walked in. I'll tell you, that really grabbed me. I mean I was so choked up I couldn't even talk.

And then came the best surprise of all. Dad came bounding out of a closet, rushed over to me, grabbed me up in his arms and gave me one huge fatherly kiss. And if you don't think that hit me right where I live. I was absolutely dumbfounded to see him. He had been in England shooting a movie, you remember, and wasn't due home for a couple of weeks yet. What he did was work day and night the preceding week finishing up recording so he could be home for my birthday. Man, I'm telling you, isn't that some family?

I didn't think anything could top that. Until came the absolute topper. Out from the other room, running into my arms just as fast as his little legs could churn, was my stepson, John. I didn't expect to see him so soon at all. When his mother and I left Manila after our visit there it was with the understanding that

John would be coming to California to live with us in September, just in time to start school here. He's 6 now, you know.

But Jinky decided she just couldn't stand it without her son any longer and that it would provide me with the greatest thrill of all to have him with us for my party. Was I happy to see him! To see all of them! I'm such a lucky guy. What did I ever do to deserve such a warm, loving, thoughtful family?

LATE THAT NIGHT—Hey, I did it again. I forgot to tell you the biggest news of all. Since Jinky had to give up flying to Los Angeles for a while, that meant she couldn't continue coming down to our family doctor. So he recommended a very fine doctor right here in Monterey. Jinky went to see him—and I'll tell you he's great. The first thing he did was give Jinky a complete examination—and then he told us he had big news. Our baby will not be born in February after all. It'll happen in January. I'll be a father one whole month earlier. Wow!!!

I'm so happy I feel like soaring like an eagle. So pardon me while I fly a bit.

Speaking of flying, I've been watching my old girl friend, Sally Field, starring in her own TV show, *The Flying Nun*, this season. I'm so happy for her and hope the series makes it big. I always felt she would really be great and have a tremendous future, if only someone would point her in the right direction.

Of course, it was a few years ago when we were dating and Sally was younger. She was so very lively and adorable and always kibitzing around, you know, fooling around and cracking jokes and having fun like that. That's why I say I hoped somebody could channel her talents in the right direction.

Incidentally, she was the only Hollywood-type girl I ever dated. I never used to run around with the movie crowd like so many kids raised in show business do. I don't know why. Maybe it was because I went to Black Foxe, which is a military school, but my friends have been strictly non-Hollywood. Same with dating.

There probably is another reason, too. I'll never forget a few years back when I first began dating and I was in New York and met Vicki Berle. The minute we met I dug her and asked her out, which she accepted. By the way, she is Milton Berle's daughter, but at this time her mother was married to Billy Rose, who was tremendously wealthy. So anyway, I bought a small bouquet and went to call on Vicki to take her to the movies. But when I got there it seemed that her folks had everything all arranged for us. We wound up going with her parents in their big chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce to dinner and to see a Broadway show.

Well, I'll tell you, that gave me a pretty bad attitude about kids in show business. Not that it wasn't a nice evening. It was, and Vicki was nice and her folks really meant well and were very nice. But it was a pretty uncomfortable experience, as I'm sure you will agree. And I guess it was right there I decided to find the normal kind of fun I was used to with ordinary people. You know, my Mom and Dad have always made a point of having a big crowd of friends outside of show business and they've raised us the same way. In fact, they hardly ever go to Hollywood parties and never, but never run with a Hollywood crowd.

But Sally was different, an exception, lots of fun. And I hope her show is a smash.

'Bye now. More next month. ●

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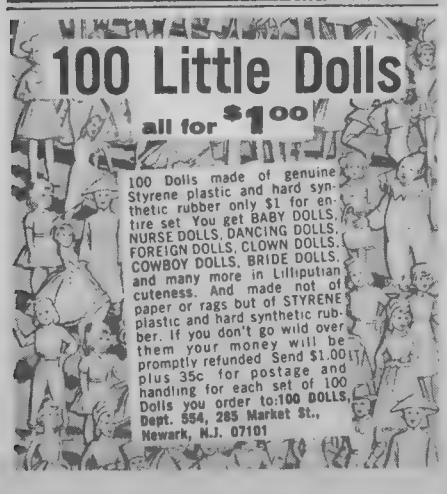

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THE "IN" CROWD

continued from page 31

we felt a little out of it—everyone seemed to belong to a crowd except us. Naturally, we both wanted to be popular, but where do you start? "You've just got to be so darned *cool* around here," I thought for the millionth time. I passed Bruce in the hall and my heart almost stopped. "He's the coolest of them all," Sam had told me many times, "After Dave of course."

Bruce and Dave were the boys we liked—from afar, that is. In our opinion, they were the neatest boys in school, and they belonged to a really cool crowd. Every time I passed Bruce in the hall I got very flustered. But I couldn't help it!

I turned the corner, and stopped dead in my tracks. There was Sam talking to Dave! She swung her long dark hair over her shoulder as she laughed at something he was saying. "She really looks pretty," I thought. And I was hoping she was talking to him about the party we were always planning to give with the kids from his crowd.

She saw me. "Bonnie," she called out, and I went over. "This is Dave." As if I didn't know! "Hi Dave," I got out. He mumbled, "Hi," and then turned to Sam again. "OK, so I'll see you on Friday night. I'll bring everyone over in my car." He started for the cafeteria door, turning back to smile and wave to us both.

Sam smiled back, really happily I thought and very calm-looking. Then she whirled around at me. "Wow! you should have been here! He walked over and started talking like we'd known each other for years. Too cool for words!" Sam told me every word of their talk over lunch. After all this time talking about it, she had asked him, Bruce and two of their friends to her house that Friday.

Naturally, I had to get scared silly at the thought of being with Bruce! "Sam, Bruce and Dave are the most popular kids in the *whole* school. And they're juniors, what if we're too young for them?" But Sam had this excited, real starey look in her eyes. I remembered that she had just gotten over a bad disagreement with her mother, so I asked her, "What do you think your mother will say?"

"Oh, Bonnie," she said, irritatedly, "will you just stay calm? I'll take care of my mother, thank you." I got a little upset at her rudeness, but I thought she must be kind of excited about the party. Maybe she was even thinking this party was going to be too much for her.

When I got home that night, I told my mother immediately about our Friday plans. For once, she *agreed* that I could stay out later than my usual eleven o'clock 'witching hour. "Just this once," she said. My mother is really a dear, especially compared with Sam's, I thought.

I went over her house the next night, and the next, and we read magazines together and listened to records and practiced dancing and stuff like that. But I was getting more and more nervous. Whenever I saw Dave and Bruce in the school halls I said, "Hi," and smiled, but I began to get this eerie feeling that something was going to go wrong. I didn't know what . . . but something was going to happen.

And then Sam told me some bad news lunch-time on Friday. Her parents weren't going to be there that night! "Oh boy," I muttered. "Sam, if my mother found out, you know her—she wouldn't let me stay so late. And for sure, she'd want Dad to pick me up."

"Well don't tell her, that's all. You're not a baby any more," she continued. "Dave can take you home, so don't worry." I *did* worry, of course, but I told her I'd be over her house early that night, and that I wouldn't tell my parents.

I dressed very carefully after dinner. I was nervous, but I pretended I wasn't—even when my makeup seemed to go on all wrong. I wore a casual outfit—a pretty pink sweater I'd saved up for and a pair of bell-bottoms I loved.

When my father drove me over, he asked me to be sure Sam's father got me home by twelve. I felt like blurting out the truth, but I reminded myself about what Sam would think. "She'd never forgive me," I knew. So I stifled the words I should have said and stayed silent during the ride.

Sam had a great big "rec" room with a record player in the basement. Her mother left snacks and a big bowl of punch on the buffet table, which really looked neat. We started putting records on, and I began to think everything was going to be all right. Then the kids arrived.

It wasn't too good at first. We all just sat there for the longest time. Bruce sat next to me dutifully, but trying to talk to him was hard.

"Did you make the football team, after all?" I said once.

"Yeh, I had a feeling I would," was his reply. Pretty soon, as you can judge, I began to feel like I was at the bottom of a big pit. I mean, *no one talked.*

Then Bruce asked me to dance. We danced a while and I began to feel better.

Jamie and Beth, the couple I didn't know, were in a corner chatting, it looked like, with Dave. Sam joined them, and although I couldn't hear them above the music, I thought they were all right together. "Maybe we'll finally break into this crowd after all," I thought hopefully.

Bruce got me some punch, we all ate and danced some more and talked a little. But finally, the party hit a dead spot, where no one really wanted to do anything it seemed. Jamie and Beth went upstairs, and didn't return for the longest time. Guessing what they were up to got on my nerves so finally, I asked Sam what she planned to do about them. "Don't be old-fashioned, Bonnie," she replied sharply. She seemed all wrapped up with Dave and what he'd think about her. Suddenly, Bruce and Dave went upstairs!

Sam looked a little pale. She said, "Now, I don't know whether to believe this, but Dave just told me the boys have some marijuana . . ." My mouth actually opened, I was so stunned! ". . . And they went upstairs to smoke it."

I was petrified! What was I doing here? All the horrible things I'd read in newspapers about raids on drug dens suddenly came back to me. I couldn't believe this was happening to us! And then Sam told me something I never believed she could say. "I agreed to try it."

I knew where *I* was going! To the closet to get my coat, into my coat and out the door! I'd get home somehow . . . that's all I knew. The boys were upstairs, of course, so I'd have to pass them by . . .

I told Sam. "I'm sorry—I really am, but I can't go along with this, I'll call you tomorrow," I hesitated. "Please come to my house, Sam."

"Don't bother calling, Bonnie," were her last words to me. She turned away.

When I got upstairs, I briefly saw the boys sitting on the couch.I called my

Dad, then quickly went outside to wait. I'd never felt so cold in my life. Naturally, I could have cried . . . but I was sure I was doing the only thing I could do.

The next day the papers carried the story. The whole school was stunned and abuzz with the gossip, and I felt so sick it was unbelievable.

It seems that the boys decided to take a drive after smoking the "pot." Everyone at the party had piled into Dave's car. The police found the car hours later in a ravine with Sam and everyone else in it severely injured.

I never told my parents about everything that happened that night. I didn't need to. They understood how I felt. And no one could have hurt Sam more than she'd already been hurt. But I couldn't stop thinking how very much she must have wanted to join the "in" crowd to have gone along with something we both knew was wrong. I understand so much more now about what it takes to be popular.

A lot of the "secret" of popularity is honesty, the honesty it takes not to be swayed from your own standards. There are so many better things to do than the kinds of things that can end in disaster, things that teach you lessons in living, not sensations that once felt, leave you less than the person you were before. I try to be myself, honestly, and it's hard sometimes, but my friends know they're hearing from *me*. Not from a bunch of kid's opinions.

Sam moved to another state with her parents when she recovered. I didn't say goodbye, which I regret now. I have other friends and date a lot, which my mother always said would happen in time, so I occasionally see Beth at dances and things. But we never talk about that night. Because we had both been so close to being "in" and so close to death because of it, that we never want to recall it again.

And I know for sure that Sam wants to forget it. ●

SALLY FIELD

continued from page 5

whack the wackiest situations. Her private life is humming along just as busily as her working schedule. She now lives alone in a house on Malibu beach, sees plenty of beaus and sometimes has trouble remembering *who* it is she's seeing each evening. But Steve Craig, a pre-med student, is still her long-time favorite.

On set, that Field girl is just beginning to take off! When she heard the premise of the series—which is based on a whimsical best-selling book called *The Fifteenth Pelican*—she immediately fell in love with the charactor she portrays. There was one hitch though. And if you've seen the show, you know what it is!

Because Sally gets to fly every once in a while. In her role as Sister Bertrilla, her hat becomes a pair of wings and, like it or not, off she goes into the wild blue. And yonder she becomes. It helps the plot along, naturally, but Sally's nerves were becoming a little frayed at last report.

Which just goes to prove, if you fly now, you pay later . . . ●

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TEEN TALK

continued from page 4

anybody. I agree with Davy all the way through and I love him for his honest opinions.

Dorothy Korona
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Dorothy:
Thank you for your very nice letter. At the time of going to press, there is still no word as to whether Davy is going to be drafted or not. We'll let you know as soon as we get some definite news.

Dear Bess:
I love your mag, but why don't you have any stories about the new SPENCER DAVIS GROUP? I think their records are fabulous, and although I was upset when singer STEVE WINWOOD and his brother MUFF left the group, I think the two new boys are just great. I hope that the group has a lot more hit records because I think they are very talented and deserve to be at the top. Also, is Spencer married and is he related to PAUL McCARTNEY? Because I think they look very alike.

Jane Quinn
San Jose, California

Dear Jane:
We think the new Spencer Davis Group is just great too! New boys EDDIE HARDIN and PHIL SAWYER are really fantastic musicians, besides being very good looking. When Spence was in town I spent a lot of time with him, and we'll be running articles on him and the rest of the boys in future issues. Meantime we've got a great three-pager for you this month in which the boys reveal "Why We Love and Hate Each Other." Hope you like it too. Yes—Spencer is married —to a lovely girl called PAULINE whom he met and married while he was at college in Birmingham four years ago. They are also the proud parents of two beautiful little girls. No—Spence is NOT related to Paul McCartney although they certainly look very alike.

Dear Bess:
Thanx a million for that groovy story you had on KEITH in your August issue. He's a dollar and a half! Please tell me where I can write to him.

Joan Small
Las Vegas, Nevada

Dear Joan:
You can write to Keith care of: Keith International Fan Club, P.O. Box 6276, Bal Harbour, Florida 33154.

Well, I'm afraid that's it for this month. Thank you for your letters, all of which I read with great interest. If there's something YOU want to talk about write to me care of:

Teen Talk, TEEN LIFE
P.O. Box 384, Madison Square Station,
New York, N.Y. 10010.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Bess

MONKEES

continued from page 9

From Randy Sparks' Latin American folk club *Ledbetters* came a wandering minstrel by the name of Michael Nesmith (also known as Michael Blessing on Colpix Records). As the group he was in while working for Randy Sparks had been defunct for a week, Nesmith decided to take his fantastic musical ability and talent for writing songs to Raybert Productions to try out for the part that he would inevitably get. The minute he walked in the door, Bob Rafelson and Bert Schneider both agreed that he was their third choice for the role in the *Monkees*. His Texan accent and southern mannerisms coupled with his genuine appearance would, Raybert Productions accurately predicted, form an identification not easily forgettable. So Michael Nesmith—who had previously been a talented but hungry folksinger—was about to enter the ranks of the stars.

The fourth person was much harder to choose than any of the others because of the fact that as yet there wasn't a scapegoat of the group. What was needed now was a Ringo Starr of the *Monkees*. After much thorough searching through the seemingly unlimited number of talented musicians and actors, Raybert Production decided on an Easterner by the name of Peter Tork (also known as Peter Thorkelson) who had previously been a folksinger in the Greenwich Village area of New York. Out here for three weeks working as a dishwasher, Peter Tork was probably the epitome of the rags-to-riches story that has been so identified with the Hollywood set, although his family back East was upper-middle class.

Now they had the four zany young musicians they were looking for. Davy Jones was to prove to be the idol of the group to the majority of the teenagers, Micky was to be the comedian, Peter was to be the poor guy who was always stuck with the blame, while Mike was to be the mature one of the bunch. When put together, the chemistry of these four talented young men was to produce a solution that was soluable to every child, teenager, and young adult that watched their show every Monday night (as I know most of you readers do) for months to come. But the question many of you are no doubt asking is how did these four guys prepare for such a task? What was behind the evolution of the *Monkees* for the result to be nothing less than success?

Before the pilot was to be made, Peter, Mike, Micky, and Davy, who were now officially known as the Monkees, would meet every day at Columbia Pictures with experienced actors and directors who instructed each one of them on how to pick up cues from one another in a split second, and respond with an immediate answer. The Monkees did this for weeks before preparing for the pilot film. The only one who had any trouble with this kind of rigorous activity was Peter, but after many weeks of this same kind of training, he could do impromptu as well as any of the others. Towards the end of this training the Monkees began working on the television pilot in order for the series to attain a position among the 1966 fall line-up on one of the big networks. The Monkees started their filming down in San Diego, and the pilot took three to five weeks. There were many technical problems such as correct make-up for the boys, overcoming the initial shock of a television camera constantly staring them in the face, but after the third week, things started shaping up. Finally the pilot was finished, and all the Monkees could do then was to sit back and wait for the pilot to be sold. As they

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But that's not all! By joining Young America Record Club, you can buy **all** the LPs, **all** the singles, **all** the tapes you want – **any** star, **any** label, no exceptions! – AT BIG, BIG DISCOUNTS (25%, 33⅓%, 50%, up to 75%)! Just look at the prices – top-hit LPs sell for as little as $1.77 – even as low as 94¢! And . . .

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Reports on your favorite stars . . . the end records . . . special groovy news about you, the member . . . Lucky Record purchases . . . Surprise Birthday Gifts . . . Free products (cosmetics, beauty aids, etc.) from famous manufacturers . . . Lucky Date with favorite 'teen stars . . . pen pals and lots more!

As a member, you order latest releases any day – anytime! – **even before hits are in stock in your home town!** At the same time you'll also receive regular bulletins of the hits being played most by the disc jockeys, on the juke boxes, from the "Top-of-the-Charts". Yes, all the latest and newest releases – the break-outs – are yours when you want them – at the Club's low, low prices with just a small charge for handling and mailing.

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Offer all labels?	NO	NO	ALL LABELS
Do you get all new records as soon as released?	NO	NO	YES – all of them
Offer 'teen activities?	NO	NO	YES – fun galore!
Offer "lucky purchase" records—bring you free products, etc.?	NO	NO	YES – So join today!

SWEEPEROO RULES:

1. Just fill out coupon and mail. Names to be drawn at random by independent organization.
2. Everybody wins a prize. No purchase required.
3. Drawing for prizes to be made February, 1968.
4. Sweepstakes void in States where prohibited by law.
5. Employees of Young America Record Club, members of their families and their agency not eligible for prizes.

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SWEEPEROO TICKET

Mail to: Young America Record Club, Dept. 106, 543 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022

YES—tell me the prize I've won in the Sweeperoo.

YES—enroll me as a member of Young America Record Club. I enclose my $2.00 membership fee in ( ) check ( ) money order ( ) cash. I understand I need buy nothing and no records will be sent to me unless ordered.

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YES—give my name to manufacturers for free products.

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ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... **STATE** ..... **ZIP** .....

My birthday is ..... MONTH DAY YEAR

TEEN LIFE CLUB NEWS

Dear Jackie,

"First thing I'd like to tell you personally, Jackie, is that I'm thrilled that you are now International President of Teen Life Club. I've admired your sincere singing style for years. And I know all the other TLC members welcome you just as I do.

"But I'm really writing you about one of our Chapter activities. I joined TLC at the beginning of the school year and have been wearing my beautiful TLC Pin proudly since the first day at school. Other girls asked me about the Club all the time and we formed a Chapter very quickly.

"Each of the girls wears her pin, and we have great activities. But the best project so far that we've done is our "Baby-sitting Circle." We made up our very own business cards, distributed them and right away we had a great response. We have a President, Treasurer and a system of rotation so each girl gets an opportunity for a weekend off.

"So far, it's worked fine. Our "customers" love the idea and we're earning all kinds of money! Part of the money goes to charity.

"I hope other girls will be encouraged to start their own Chapter. It's lots of fun."

Carolyn Jones,
Seattle, Wash.

"P.S. Hello to all TEEN LIFE readers. TLC's the greatest!"

I'm so happy that so many girls find that their membership in TLC makes for a happier, lovelier life. And you can share your activities in this newsy column.

Why don't you join TLC?

Jackie De Shannon
International
President, TLC.

had been paid $750 each for making the pilot, they had something to live on while they were going through the strenuous waiting period. Then late one evening news came by wire that the Monkees series had been sold: it would be on NBC; Kellogg and Yardley the sponsors.

The Colgems Label was formed, and the Monkees started rehearsing every single day for hours on end trying to obtain a unique musical sound. Columbia Screen Gems Television Division had meanwhile set aside one stage set for the Monkees to rehearse every day.

Immediately fittings for wardrobes were begun, sponsors for musical instruments acquired, and merchandising for authentic Monkee clothes were initiated by Ed Justin of the merchandising department of Columbia Screen Gems. The Monkees were to even have an official car in which to ride around, and at first glance it appeared to Raybert Productions that a "woody" would be the most appropriate vehicle for the group to ride around in. But Michael Nesmith—entirely on his own—went to a well-known car customizing shop and outlined the now-famous Monkee car. Upon seeing this outline, Raybert Productions agreed with Mike that it was indeed the best image for the group.

Many writers also were employed by both Screen Gems Television Division and Screen Gems Music Division to write the scripts that each of the four personalities were to be using and to write the music that the teenagers would inevitably hear on their radios. Berry Mann & Cynthia Weil, Tommy Boyce & Bobby Hart, and Gerry Goffin & Carol King proved to be the most successful songwriters for the Monkees, as their songs immediately went to the top of the charts both in the United States and England. As Don Kirschner (affectionately known by the Monkees as the "man with the 'golden ear'") musically supervised the unique sound of the Monkees, Lester Sill, Jack Keller, Boyce Hart, Jeff Barry and Douglas Farthing Hatlelid became the producers that gave the boys the polished finish that was needed.

The actual filming for the next season started in the summer of 1966. At first Raybert Productions chose to do many location shots, but after much experience, they found out that such a policy was costly and time-consuming, and that movie situations were much more apropos for the situation comedy effect that they were trying to achieve. So Columbia Pictures became their permanent home with stage #7 as their workshop.

While all of the merchandising of clothes, toys, etc. was going on, and while the Monkees themselves were filming every day and receiving all the acclaim and publicity that could be hoped for, how were the Monkees as individuals taking all of this?

To be frank, all of them almost had a mental breakdown, for they were treated literally like monkeys in a cage. Micky once during all of this had made the sly comment that they were expected to act in the following manner: Monkee see, Monkee do. The Monkees started out as a manufactured group, and it was the awareness of this fact that caused them to almost lose their minds. But through maturity and self-discipline the Monkees have since evolved to higher echelons both in music and acting. They now boast three #1 albums and two Emmy awards. And they have turned out to be a unique group, incorporating their own ideas more gradually as they become acquainted with the art of acting and singing. And if Darwin's theory is correct and can be applied to the evolution of the Monkees, then the Monkees have evolved from "Monkee see, Monkee do" to an ingenious self-sustaining group who think for themselves. ●

BE A FASHION DESIGNER

continued from page 36

know what a designer does. Some work in their own shop designing clothes for a select clientele. The custom designer works with his client to make personalized, expensive clothes and usually has a "name" based on a really solid reputation.

Some young designers open their own small shops in the bohemian sections of our largest cities. Their responsibilities as a small-business owner and designer as well as the sheer labor of executing their own styles themselves, makes this an extremely hard route to fashion fame. Occasionally though, a designer is "discovered" by Fifth Avenue shops and is able to manufacture his designs in small quantities himself.

More usually, designers work for established garment manufacturers in their design offices. Each season, new style ideas are thought up, sketches are made and a model or sample of the article is made by the designer and his assistants. Designers may have to make up to 60 models each season, depending on their work load. Top designers do work on more models than beginners but receive more assistance. The samples are displayed in a showroom for prospective buyers, so the designer is fully responsible for all the final models.

Most modern fashion designers have gone to a four-year liberal arts college, fine arts college, or have had Home Economics as their major subject. Some are trained through apprenticeship or on-the-job training. But this is becoming rare. College training is more usual.

Courses in school range from Costume History to Fashion Sketching. A list of the approved or accredited colleges and schools offering fashion design as a major is available from your state Education Department or Bureau. Consult college directories and ask your high school counselor for help in selecting the best school for you.

The Mayer school of Fashion Design is located in the middle of the fashion district in New York. It offers year-long intensified courses that cover the practical needs of the modern garment industry. All kinds of short-cuts to successful designing are explored, for every graduate will be working in the actual industry right outside the school's doors. TEEN LIFE visited the Mayer School with hopes of finding a shorter route for you into the world of fashion design.

But beginners must expect that they will start at the bottom. After your training you may be a model, copyist, or an assistant in a showroom before working into the design room itself! Experience and talent *will* finally win, though. The big day could arrive when *your* designs are recognized, and you can call yourself—a fashion designer! ●

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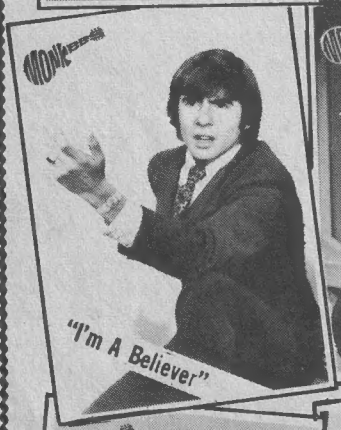

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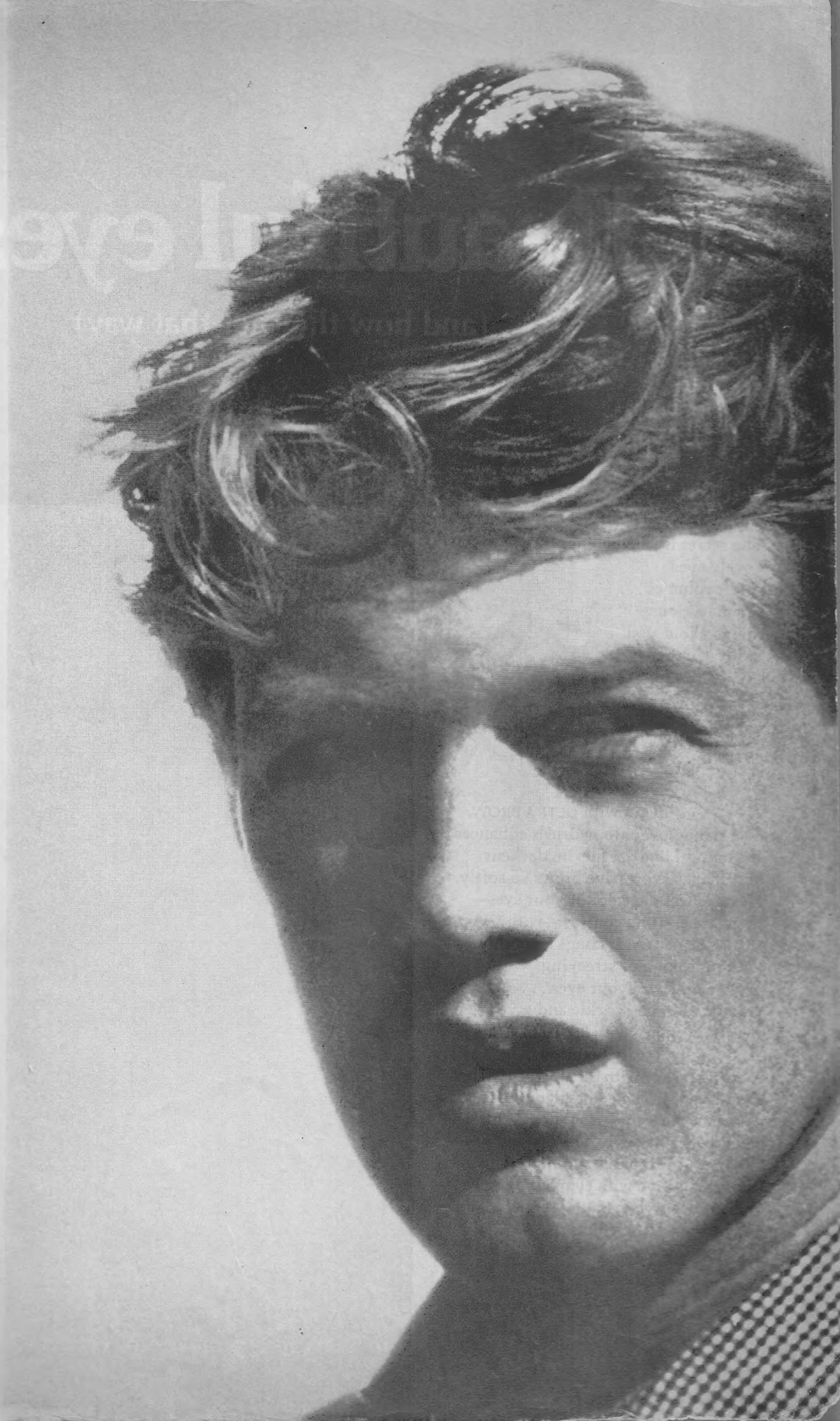

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